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No. 17.—NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. CONVOCAATION.

In consequence of a Communication from Her Majesty's Government, a MEETING OF CONVOCAATION is hereby convened, to be held at Burlington House on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, at One o'clock P.M., to nominate a list of SIX PERSONS for the purpose of being submitted to Her Majesty for selection therefrom of TWO FELLOWS of the University.

Members of Convocation desirous of proposing Candidates are requested to forward their Nominations to the Registrar on or before Wednesday, Oct. 27th, in order that they may be included in the Circular and Voting-paper which will then be issued.

The following Graduates are qualified as Members of Convocation: namely, all Doctors of Laws, Doctors of Medicine, and Masters of Arts, all Bachelors of Laws and Bachelors of Medicine of two years' standing, and all Bachelors of Arts of three years' standing.

By order of the Senate,

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Registrar.

Burlington House, W.
October 20, 1858.

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"We had to be in chapel every morning at ten and every evening at six, and the Bishop gave us a beautiful extempore address every evening, after the second lesson, and on Saturday delivered his Charge, a most valuable one. His hospitality really was almost too great. For every one of the forty candidates who chose, there was a bedroom provided, either in the palace or in the village, and three meals every day. . . . He speaks with wonderful fluency and deep feeling.

"The Ordination was held yesterday in the parish church at Cuddesdon. We had to walk in procession from the palace to the church in our surplices and hoods; the deacons (that were to be) first; then the priests, then the bishop and arch-deacon, the two chaplains, and the preacher. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. E. Austen Leigh, Rural Dean, and then all the candidates walked up into the chancel, and the Ordination Service began. It is deeply interesting; and it is impossible for the oldest spectator not to be struck by the impressiveness of it. That part where the Bishop desires the prayers of the people, just before he ordains the priests, and there is entire silence kept in the church for about five minutes, while every one (I hope) prays inwardly, is quite awful; and then it is so beautifully broken by the hymn 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.' It is the most thrilling, soul-stirring ceremony I ever witnessed, or, as in this case, took part in. Laying aside the solemnity of the thing, the chancel, at the time of the Bishop's laying on his hands and invoking the Holy Spirit, would make a splendid picture. I wish you had been there to see and hear."

For a few weeks in the summer of 1848, he took charge of Greenford, his father's parish; and at Easter, 1849, was appointed to the assistant-curacy of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, of which his grandfather had been vicar for more than forty years. Here he remained, on finding that the Rectory of St. Aldate's, Oxford, which the College had offered him, could not be held with his Fellowship, winning all hearts by uniting the courtesy of the thorough gentleman with the out-spoken faithfulness of the thorough clergyman, until his appointment in September, 1855, mainly through the good offices of the Provost of King's, to the East India Chaplaincy of Lucknow. He was married a month later to Emily, youngest daughter of C. B. Allnatt, Esq., of Shrewsbury, barrister-at-law. They sailed together in the *Pera* the January following (1856), and on July 20, 1857, after twelve days' suffering from a musket-wound, he died in the Hospital of Lucknow. "The honoured names of Birch, Polehampton, Barbor, and Gall," formed a sentence in Brigadier Inglis's despatch, announcing the loss of this noble, warm-hearted man, and drawing the tears from many an eye besides those of his pious fraternal biographers, and of the mother who had survived that manly son.

The bulk of this interesting volume is

made up of Mr. Polehampton's Letters and Diary, together with extracts from his sermons preached in India, and a diary of his wife's, including events that intervened between the chaplain's death and her own return to England. The following extract, graphic and characteristic, is from a letter to his brother dated November 12, 1855, shortly after his appointment to the chaplaincy, and shortly before his sailing:

"I walked down to Oxford and went straight to the University barge. I will now tell you of the scratch four-oar races in which I had determined to have a last pull for auld lang syne. We did not get the same boat as the day before, which is about the fastest on the Oxford river. That which fell to our lot was not a bad one, but certainly inferior to that which we had the previous day. We had the towing-path side, and I was not without hope that we should come in first. Pinckney, a University eight-man, was stroke of the boat on the Oxfordshire bank; Denne, another University eight-man, of that in the middle. Pinckney's crew was a remarkably good and strong one; ours was decidedly the smallest—I being the biggest and heaviest man in it, and I am only eleven stone ten.

"Well, we all three went off at a most rattling pace, and kept close together—Pinckney's boat rather leading up to the point below Saunders' Bridge. Here I could see that, in spite of all we could do (and our men pulled with immense pluck), the outside boat was drawing ahead. The middle boat was, if anything, a little ahead too. However, we got on a 'spurt,' and gradually worked away from Denne's boat, coming in, eventually, about a length ahead of it; the leading boat being, I believe, a trifle more than that ahead of us. It was not bad for a boat with a married man, of thirteen years' standing, just come up from grass, to come in second of nine really good fours. We have won pint-pewters, which is a great satisfaction to me. The first boat gets *quarts*; I prefer the *pints*. I shall take mine out to India, having the names engraved on it. I am rather proud of my feat. My right arm is still stiff. I thought I must have looked very much 'done,' as I was after Saunders' Bridge. But one or two men who ran, told me I was not nearly so much done as our stroke.

That pewter-pot was in constant use during the siege of Lucknow; it was the last vessel that touched the chaplain's dying lips; it was used by his noble widow in ministering to the sick and wounded after he was gone; and it is now to her, a chief relic recalling blessed memories.

When Mr. Polehampton went out, the whole of India was possessed by that intense tranquillity which preceded the coming tempest; and he was himself one of those who thought it absurd, if not culpable, to suspect the native allegiance. Things had altered by May 12, 1857:

"Things throughout India never looked so serious. It may all come to an end soon, and the country be more tranquil than ever, or we may all be murdered in a week. I think it will be the former. Whatever happens cannot be without the will of God, and 'Heaven,' as the old sailor said, 'is as near us here as at home.' To show you how serious people in authority think the state of affairs, the other day, after the mutiny in the 7th Irregulars had been put down, I said, laughingly, to Sir Henry Lawrence, 'Why, Sir Henry, you may have some work cut out for you now before you go home.' He said, very gravely, 'I can assure you it is no laughing matter.' I heard Colonel Inglis say the same thing to a man who was inclined to be too jocular yesterday.

"Yesterday evening I went at six o'clock to the 32nd to give them Divine Service. I found them encamped in a mango tope about two hundred yards from my house. Poor fellows! there they had been in tents all day, the hot wind blowing, and the thermometer at 110°. Colonel

Inglis had been to us in the afternoon to ask us to give up our house for the soldiers. Of course we consented, and had begun dismantling it, when there came a message that he had got them otherwise accommodated. He wanted my house because it has no thatch to be set on fire, and is near the artillery. The 13th have given up their mess-house for the soldiers; indeed, we ought all to turn out for them, if necessary, for the heat will soon knock them up. Five went into hospital yesterday, and they are, under God, our only hope in case of an outbreak. I gave the 32nd part of the Evening Service, and an extempore sermon on Deuteronomy viii. 11, bearing on the whole chapter. They stood in hollow square, muskets in hand. At seven was our regular service at church. It was pretty well attended. Many, no doubt, were afraid to come. It would, of course, be very easy for the Sepoys to surround the church and murder us all; but it is of no use being afraid of anything, or our lives, under present circumstances, would be a burden to us. Sir H. Lawrence was there. Now, I have told you the exact state of things, because you would be sure to see in the papers something about it, perhaps an exaggerated account.

"To say that we are in no danger of an outbreak would be absurd, but I do not think there will be one. Fancy how much worse than ours the position is of those who are at stations where there are no English troops! and this is the case with all except the large ones. When this is over, the Government must send us more troops, or we shall never be able to hold India. The Sepoys have never shown such a mutinous spirit before. There's no knowing what the cause is. I think it is a combination of circumstances."

There was a further alteration by May 30th:

"Saturday, May 30th.—We drove this evening into cantonments, and to baby's grave. To-night, Emmie and I were going to bed, at a quarter past ten, in Mr. Gubbins's drawing-room, when he came into the room, looking rather excited, and said, 'Polehampton, you had better get Mrs. Polehampton up to the roof directly: there is a row in cantonments; I have heard heavy firing there.' We dressed, and were soon on the roof, which is reached by a corkscrew stone staircase. We found several ladies there before us, and in a short time the whole household was gathered there, children and all. We looked out towards cantonments, three miles distant, and saw that several bungalows were blazing. As we looked, one after another sprang up into flame. Then we heard rapid fire firing—then the deep booming of four or five cannon—then all was still, except occasional dropping shots.

"In the meantime, the fire seemed to spread wider and wider, till it was evident that nearly the whole of cantonments was in a blaze. The firing may have lasted an hour. When it began, or rather as soon as I heard it (for Mr. Gubbins had heard eight guns fired before we went on to the roof), I called those close about me on the roof together, and offered a few words of prayer that God would be pleased to make our cause his and give to us the victory. Those whom I asked to join with me readily consented, and ended with a hearty 'Amen.'"

Here is his own account of his wound:

"Wednesday, July 8th. (Ninth day of siege).—Early this morning, I received a note from Miss —, saying that her father was dead; and asking me to come and comfort her mother. I went. With much difficulty, and F. C.'s assistance, I got Mrs. — to leave the room; and washed and laid out the body. Went home. Had just finished shaving and was stooping down to roll up our bed, when I felt a sudden stunning pain, and, after a second or two, knew that I had been shot. At first I thought it was a spent ball, from the smarting of the place; but on looking, I saw a hole in the flesh. I then feared that the ball was still in; but Mrs. Barbor found it on the floor, to my great joy. Emmie made me lie down and brought in Dr. Boyd. He wanted me to be carried in to the receiving-room; but I felt as if I could walk without assistance. However, I soon

found that I needed support on each side; and before I got into the receiving-room my eyes were dark. The examination was soon over; the wound pronounced not dangerous; and I was put to bed in the front ward of the hospital; next to Campbell, of the 71st. And here I have been ever since. For the first day I had a good deal of pain, but have suffered nothing since, except from restlessness at night. I trust it may be the last wound I shall ever have; but who shall say what is in store for us all, or who may be the next to go? God grant that whoever of us it may be His will to take away may be prepared! I have endeavoured to do my best to make my peace with Him; and, trusting in my Redeemer's merits, will endeavour to meet whatever may come without fear.

"Rumours of reinforcements, without end. I believe none. I do not see how they can be here before August 10th, if then. If all India is as this place, none can come. But God can make a way of escape; and if he do not, then through Christ '*Mors janua vite*.'"

Twelve days later he passed through the "gate," and as we read of his calm departure it is impossible not to recall the last words which had been used towards him by a poor old dying parishioner who had loved him at St. Chad's. "Ah! sir," he said, and it is the very spirit of John Bunyan that speaks in his words, "I am going first; but you will follow, and we shall meet again; and won't I flap my old wings, as I see you coming through those gates of pearl." They met again, and sooner than had appeared probable to either.

Few will close this book with an indifferent heart; and, with the charm of such a character upon us, it is hard to say anything against even the *class* of works to which the memoir belongs. Yet one word shall be uttered; "tomb-decoration" has reached a pitch that denotes no healthy condition in our estimate of human action. It is undoubtedly an excellent rule, that truth and nobleness deserve as much honour as is paid to intellectual acumen or success. Of course they do. But are truth and nobleness so rare or so drooping, that it requires the stimulus of memoir writing to keep them going, and the meed of epitaphian praise to record their having appeared upon the earth? We gather up the biographical fragments of the lifetime of a genius, not for his own sake one-half as much as we do for the sake of the world. He has become public property, and we exact an inventory of all that has ever appertained to him. This is sometimes, but far more rarely, the case with the moral hero also; but as in nine cases out of ten his influence for good is personal, in the same proportion should it be silent. Of worthy and memorable exceptions to this rule the "Life of Dr. Arnold" is the type. In him we had a dauntless lover of truth, in an age when few sought or cared for any truth that did not tally with previous and pampered systems of prejudice; a man who would freely and stoutly invade those fences which pen us in so tightly that few can "look out over their neighbour's land, or up to any piece of sky, except that which is just over their heads." And therefore was his "Life" written down, because his death had been felt like a personal, as well as a national, loss from one end of England to the other.

Athenæ Cantabrigienses. By Charles Henry Cooper, F.S.A., and Thompson Cooper. (Deighton; Macmillan; Bell & Daldy.)

THE appearance of a new "Athenæ" with the above sonorous title will excite, as a matter of course, a very lively interest in

the antiquarian world. Eventually, no doubt, the work will meet with plenty of criticism proper, as opposed to mere semi-critical notice. The contributors to and the readers of "Notes and Queries" will discover a wealthy fund of controversy in its pages; and we shall have a regular overhauling of old Anthony à Wood, who was of course the prototype of the Messrs. Cooper.

Even if our columns, however, afforded room for discussion of so unwieldy a nature, "Athenæ Cantabrigienses" has left the printer's hands much too recently for any minute examination of detail to be yet possible. All that can be at present done is to lay before the reader an account of what has been achieved in this first instalment, and of what is contemplated in the remainder of the work. Not less truly than the history of Thucydides, though in a different sense, is this undertaking designed to confer "an everlasting possession," rather than to "make a display for momentary effect."

Anthony à Wood lived through sixty-five years of the seventeenth century, dying in 1695; and four years before his death he brought out "Athenæ Oxonienses," which "proceeded to" a third edition in three volumes quarto, under the careful superintendence of the late Doctor Bliss, between the years 1813 and 1817. Hallam has a brief notice of his labours in the "Literary History;" and points out how much allowance is to be made in reading him, for a strong, though not quite avowed, bias towards the old system of ecclesiastical and academical government.

Now the Messrs. Cooper are the last among several aspirants to an emulation of Wood, who have appeared since the death of that laborious compiler. The labours of the intermediate workmen, which all stopped short of completion, are duly enumerated in the Introduction to the present work. The Rev. Thomas Baker, of St. John's, was the first to put his hand to the task. He is honourably mentioned by Strype, in a letter dated 4th August, 1709, as "one of Cambridge, who had been making collections for divers years." There is one great misfortune however attending Baker's valuable MS. remains. Some of the volumes are at Cambridge and others in the British Museum. Mr. Morris Drake Morris, of Trinity, came next, compiling lives of eminent Cantabs from the foundation down to 1715, and making use of Bale, Fuller, Wood, Calamy, Walker, and others. His two volumes are now in the Harleian collection. Dr. Richardson, who was Master of Emmanuel during forty years of the last century, and who edited "Godwin De Præsulibus," also made collections for an "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," and the results of his labours now repose in the University Library.

The great drawback of Richardson's collections is inaccuracy, arising from an imperfect knowledge on his part of the right way to read old writing. Last on the list is the Rev. William Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, a man of the most enthusiastic antiquarian spirit, but not adding the common sense of Wood to what was an equal industry. He fell, say the present compilers, into the error pointed out by Dr. Johnson in No. 71 of "The Rambler"—the amassing of more than he could digest. The following words record his bitter disappointment after thirty years' labour at an "Athenæ Cantabrigienses:—"

"In good truth, whoever undertakes the drudgery of an 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses,' must be

contented with no prospect of credit or reputation to himself, and with the mortifying reflection that after all his pains and study through life he must be looked upon in an humble light, and only as a journeyman to Anthony Wood, whose excellent book of the same sort will ever preclude any other who shall follow him in the same track from all hopes of fame; and will only represent him as an imitator of so original a pattern. For at this time of day all great characters, both Cantabrigians and Oxonians, are already published to the world, either in his books or various others; so that the collection, unless the same characters are reprinted here, must be made up of second-rate persons and the refuse of authorship. However, as I have begun, and made so large a progress in this undertaking, it is death to think of leaving it off, though from the former considerations so little credit is to be expected from it.—W. COLE, May 17, 1777."

Certain communications made by Mr. Halliwell and others to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, in the years 1852 and 1853, set the Messrs. Cooper upon their present laborious and praiseworthy task. The first volume has now been submitted to the public, and it promises very well indeed. It comprehends notices of:

"1. Authors. 2. Cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, heads of religious houses and other church dignitaries. 3. Statesmen, diplomatists, military and naval commanders. 4. Judges and eminent practitioners of the civil or common law. 5. Sufferers for religious or political opinions. 6. Persons distinguished for success in tuition. 7. Eminent physicians and medical practitioners. 8. Artists, musicians, and heralds. 9. Heads of colleges, professors, and principal officers of the university. 10. Benefactors to the university and colleges, or to the public at large."

And, very wisely in our opinion, the chronological arrangement has been adopted in place of the alphabetical method on one side, or the collegiate method on the other. The fact of "migration" having been so common in early times, and of the same person appearing thus on the lists of two, three, or even four colleges, is quite sufficient to condemn this last method as wholly unsuitable. The chronological limits of this first volume are 1500–1585. Fifty pages of valuable additional matter are added at the end, comprising corrections as well; and the whole is concluded with a collection of "House Lists," that is to say, of lists of the names commemorated in the volume, arranged according to their respective colleges, halls, hostels, or fraternities. This collection is extremely interesting. We find S. Austin's Hostel, Borden Hostel, S. Clemens, Garrett, and S. Gregory's; with fraternities of Augustinian Canons and Friars, of Cluniacs, Franciscans, Observants and Dominicans.

One word with regard to this "Garrett Hostel." Chaucer (we cannot at this moment furnish the reference) mentions a certain "Soler Hostel," the identification of which has given trouble to the commentators. Has it been ever suggested that "Soler" is the frequently occurring "*Solarium*," "an upper chamber to catch the sun," and that "Soler Hostel" is "Garrett Hostel?"

We will conclude this notice, which is intended to convey to the reader a very warm recommendation of this "other Athens," by a transcript of the account given of the martyr, Rowland Taylor, who was sometimes Principal of Borden Hostel:

"Shortly after the accession of queen Mary he was cited before Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and lord-chancellor, for holding heretical opinions,

and endeavouring to prevent the performance of mass in his church by an intruding priest. He boldly defended his conduct, vindicated the marriage of priests, denied transubstantiation, and upbraided Gardiner in no measured terms with tergiversation. He was sent to the king's bench prison and remained there above a year, during which he was frequently examined, but remained steadfast. At length in January 1554-5 he was tried before bishop Gardiner and other prelates at S. Mary Overies, Southwark. He justified his opinions with great courage and ability, was condemned to death, degraded from his orders, and burnt at Aldham Common near Hadleigh on the 8th of February. The spot is marked by a stone inscribed:

"1555.
D. Taylor, in De-
fending, that was good
At this Place Left
his Blode."

Near this a neat monument was erected in 1818, with the following inscription by Dr. Hay Drummond, then rector of Hadleigh:

"This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our Faith."—1 JOHN, v. 4.
'Mark this rude stone, where Taylor dauntless stood,
Where Zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood;
Hadleigh! that day, how many a tearful eye
Saw the lov'd Pastor dragg'd a Victim by;
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past,
"To the blind pair" his farewell aims were cast;
His clinging flock 'e'en here around him pray'd,
"As thou hast aided us, be God thine aid."
Nor taunts, nor bribes of mitre, rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake
Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like holy Stephen's, seek the op'ning skies;
There fix'd in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views Truth drawn clear on England's bigot night.
Triumphant Saint! he bow'd and kiss'd the rod,
And soar'd on Seraph-wing to meet his God."

He is also commemorated by a brass plate in Hadleigh church. Dr. Taylor is described as a great scholar, a painful preacher, charitable to the poor, of a comely countenance and proper person (but inclining to corpulency), and cheerful behaviour. He indulged his natural vein of facetiousness not only during his trial but immediately preceding the awful scene which closed his life. Several of his letters are extant. He was married and had nine children. His widow remarried one Wright, a minister. One of his sons was named Thomas, and Ann one of his daughters married William Palmer, fellow of Pembroke hall and chancellor of the church of York."

The Descendants of the Stuarts, an Unchronicled Page in England's History. By W. Mison Townend. Second Edition, with additions. (Longman.)

THE design of this work is two-fold. The author's first object seems to be purely antiquarian and genealogical—to give a complete catalogue of all the descendants of the House of Stuart from the time of James I.; the second to vindicate the character of these princes from the accumulated aspersions of a century and a half. With the first-mentioned aim nobody is likely to find fault. It fills up a hitherto unoccupied angle in the budget of English history, and so far adds to its completeness and symmetry. It is the latter which is likely to elicit the only active disapprobation which Mr. Townend has any reason to apprehend. The most matter-of-fact individual in the world, if he has no particular respect for an antiquary, does not deem his art a crime. But to whitewash that "grovelling pedant" James!—that "monster of perfidy" Charles! That, indeed, says the enlightened British public, is an outrage on our understandings. Now, to take this part of the question first, without literally indorsing this sentiment, we must express our conviction that Mr. Townend has not gone the right way to work to mend the reputation of his favourites. We believe that Charles is not, any more

than the Devil, so black as he is painted, but he will hardly be much the better for such advocacy as the following:

"CHARLES I.—Handsome, elegant, dignified, accomplished, pious, chaste, humane, affable, kind, benevolent, brave, and courteous; but vacillating, and from the innate goodness of his heart too readily disposed to yield to the influence of others."

Mr. Townend also takes rather too much for granted. We believe it is now a common opinion that Henry Prince of Wales, the elder brother of Charles, was by no means void of "the irregularities of youth," but that he was for a considerable period a lover of the Countess of Essex. Nor does he always perceive how, in his catalogue of royal qualities, he totally neutralises the virtues by an admission of the corresponding vices. Thus of James I. he writes:

"JAMES I., King of Great Britain.—"Learned, pious, just, clement, merciful, chaste, and pacific; but prodigal, inelegant, coarse, weak, vacillating, selfish, and cowardly."

Forgetting apparently that the justice and mercy of a selfish man, the piety of a prodigal, and the peacefulness of a coward, are not usually considered to be highly estimable qualities. We believe that if people would only take the trouble to think for themselves, there is a good deal yet to be said in favour of the Stuarts. But then this is hardly the right way to say it. The leaden materialism of the eighteenth century lies heavy on their reputation. What Hume said of his own day, as here quoted by Mr. Townend, is quite true of the present:

"Even at present an historian who, prompted by his courageous generosity, should venture, though from the most authentic and undisputed facts, to vindicate the fame of that prince, would be sure to meet with such treatment as would discourage even the boldest from so dangerous, however splendid an enterprise."

But unfortunately Hume only saw half the truth. He did not perceive that the unpopularity of the Stuarts in his own time was only a part of the disfavour with which all kinds of earnestness and chivalry were regarded. He himself had no appreciation of the Puritans, nor do we believe he had any insight into the only kind of mental condition which justifies the loyalty of the Cavaliers. In this respect he and Lord Macaulay are very much alike, with a slight preponderance of common sense on the side of Hume. But how different are both from the broad and generous sympathies of an Arnold or a Scott! The most valuable testimony to the character of Charles I. quoted by Mr. Townend is that of M. Guizot:

"Charles was," he says, "a prince of grave and pure conduct, of acknowledged piety, diligent, learned, frugal, little inclined to prodigality, reserved without moroseness, dignified without arrogance. He maintained decorum and order in his household; everything about him announced a noble upright character; the friend of justice, his manners and deportment awed his courtiers and pleased the people; his virtues gained him the esteem of all good men."

"The descendants of the Stuarts" may be divided into three branches—the English, the French, and the Hanoverian. Of these the first became extinct in the person of Cardinal York. The second, descending from Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, whose daughter became Duchess of Savoy and first Queen of Sardinia, is now represented by the Duke of Modena, and the third is now the reigning family of Great Britain. The collateral descendants of each of these

three branches are traced out by Mr. Townend with great care and fulness, and a few interesting and curious anecdotes are interspersed through the long details of births, deaths, and marriages, and the vicissitudes to which royalty is heir. At the same time, we must let our readers understand that Mr. Townend's work is not a volume for light reading. A great proportion of it is unavoidably dry and tedious. But we think so much pains have been taken with it as to ensure its reception by every antiquary and genealogist, if not by every historical student.

One of the most interesting characters whose fate is depicted in these pages is Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., and wife of Philip, Duke of Orleans. This beautiful and fascinating princess was born at Exeter, in the year 1644—fitting time for the birth of one whose career was so sad and whose end so tragic. It was during this year that the great civil strife, then raging, first began to turn decisively against the king; and even the loyalty of the Devonshire and Somersetshire gentlemen was scarcely any longer a protection to the royal family. Accordingly, it was deemed expedient that they should be transported to France. The Queen herself was so alarmed at the situation of affairs that she commenced her journey within a fortnight after the birth of her daughter, and it was not without considerable difficulty that the latter succeeded in rejoining her under the charge of the Countess of Dalkeith. Henrietta was married to the Duke of Orleans at the age of sixteen, and the influence which she very soon acquired at the French court caused her to be regarded with jealousy both by her husband and his followers. Convinced of her talents for diplomacy, the French king selected her as his instrument for detaching Charles II. from the Triple Alliance. The success which she met with in this undertaking is well known. The treaty of Dover, in 1670, and the installation of Louise de Querouaille as Charles's mistress, were the fruits of her mission. But, as Mr. Townend says, "her success was her ruin." Her enemies, including her husband, at the French court now felt that her influence was too firmly established to be shaken; and that one course only remained by which they could be rid of her supremacy. According, poison was administered to her in a glass of succory water; and she expired, in the firm belief that she was poisoned, on the 29th of June, 1670. Some have attributed this crime to the Duke himself. Others, and with them Mr. Townend, to the Chevalier de Lorraine, one of the Duke's satellites, whom Henrietta had thwarted. The more cautious Hume, however, hesitates to believe that she was poisoned at all. No traces of poison were found in her body; and "a lady, it is said, drank the remains of the same glass without feeling any inconvenience." Her death furnished Bossuet with an occasion for one of his *oraisons funèbres*, when he took for his text, "The king shall weep, the princes shall be desolate, and the hands of the people shall fall with grief and astonishment."

Another curious character described in these pages, of whom the ordinary reader knows very little, is Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and mother of George I. No less than twelve persons stood between herself and the English crown, while there were four between her husband and the electorate, so that the odds against Hanover and England being united were something enormous. Yet owing to the fact

that all the rest of Elizabeth of Bohemia's children, of whom Sophia was the youngest, became Roman Catholics, and so disqualified themselves for the succession, and that all her husband's brothers died childless, this unlikely event came to pass, though the old lady herself did not live to witness it. She had often said that if she could live to have Sophia, Queen of England, inscribed upon her coffin, she could die content. But *Dis aliter visum*:

"She died rather suddenly, only six weeks before Queen Anne (whom had she outlived, she would have succeeded on the English throne), 8th June, 1714, whilst walking in the gardens of her palace of Herenhausen. It was a stormy day, and the Electress, being caught in a shower of rain, hastened to retrace her homeward steps, when on entering the palace, she was observed to stagger and suddenly fall forwards. Her attendants hastened to her aid, but in vain; her spirit had fled its earthly mansion, almost before her retainers were aware she was attacked; her advanced age, for she was eighty-four, renders it less surprising she should not have rallied."

Her character and conduct are thus described by Mr. Townend:

"The conduct of Sophia, throughout the disputed contest for the English crown, has elicited much controversy. Miss Strickland, whose opinion is entitled certainly to great deference, contends strenuously for her disinterestedness; whilst Dr. Doran leans to a contrary opinion. The true explanation of the policy by which she was guided is, we imagine, best elicited from the following quotation in one of her letters: she there says, 'If a Catholic king could not succeed, the crown is mine by right. Without that there are many nearer to the succession than I am: i.e. my Right is Divine, not Human, if Protestantism constitutes its basis. Then as to her conduct being *sans reproche*, this must be judged relatively. Compared to William's, (Mary's, and Anne's, undoubtedly it was 'moderate, high-minded, and humane.' Nor, if we judge her by that of her contemporaries generally, does she lose by a comparison. That she endeavoured to keep on good terms both with the exiled James and the regnant Mary, proves her wisdom, though it might be that of the serpent; whilst her refusal to accept an invitation from the English people, however gladly she would have welcomed one from its sovereign, corresponds with her prudence throughout the negotiations. We could indeed have wished to admire in her more than negative virtues, yet in these her compeers were, too frequently, deficient. It could hardly be expected without an exhibition of the most rare disinterestedness, that she should refuse to accept the brilliant inheritance so unexpectedly proffered to her. For such self-denial as this, we frankly admit the Duchess was not equal. But—with this limitation—she merits praise, for she invented no calumnies, lent herself to no underhand intrigues, and if her conduct was not generous, it was at least prudent and honourable. If we compare it with that of her son and grandson, she will show to still greater advantage. Of cruelty, rapacity, meanness, and stupidity, she can undoubtedly be acquitted. Neither, like William, Mary, and Anne, was she an adept in treachery, lying, and dissimulation; for most safely may it be asserted, that few women would have displayed more moderation than she did under the delicate circumstances in which she was placed."

Mr. Townend, as the reader will perceive, is not sparing of his epithets. We have no high opinion of the two first Georges. But we don't know that they were peculiarly either cruel, rapacious, or mean. The Jacobites who suffered in '15 and '45 were not very numerous after all; and if England contributed largely to the revenues of Hanover, why her sovereigns were merely making hay while the sun shone, and

taking, they might urge, what would never be missed.

The eldest surviving branch of the Stuarts is represented, as we have already told our readers, by the House of Modena. The representation continued with the House of Savoy down to 1831, when, by the death of the last direct heir without children, the crown of Sardinia devolved upon a younger branch. But the daughter of Victor Emanuel, who died in 1824, carried on the Stuart succession, and the eldest, Beatrice, marrying Francis, fourth Duke of Modena, brought it into that family. So that Francis, fifth Duke of Modena, born 1819, is now the lineal descendant of Charles I.

"The richness of the Duke of Modena's family in lineal pretensions is unrivalled by any other dynasty in Europe, which will be perceived when we state that the Duke of Modena himself is the representative of Charles I., his niece, Mary Theresa, the next in succession, being his heiress; while his elder sister, Theresa, married to Henry V., is titular Queen of France; and his younger, Mary, married to Don John, brother of Charles VI., King of Spain (titular), inherits the rights of that prince to the Spanish monarchy. It is curious to observe that the lineal heirs to the three greatest kingdoms in Europe—Great Britain, France, and Spain—are to be found in the House of Modena; but it is still more curious to note, that had not the Stuarts and Bourbons been superseded respectively in England and France, these countries probably would have been united, temporarily, under the sway of Henry V. and his queen (the latter being heiress to her brother after her little niece, the Princess Mary Theresa); and on the decease of the latter without issue, England and Spain would then have been united under the regality of her younger sister, Mary. It can excite no surprise that, with these high lineal pretensions, the Duke of Modena should have been almost the only European potentate who refused to recognise the sovereignty of Louis Philippe; the grandeur of his family depending more on their lofty pedigree and unsullied descent than the position they actually inherit as sovereigns of a petty Italian duchy."

The simple good faith with which these statements are put forward, may be allowed, perhaps, to compensate for their dreamy and unpractical turn.

The principal point on which Mr. Townend joins issue with the great Whig historian is the character of Mary, wife of William III. He devotes indeed upwards of fifty pages to the refutation of what he styles Lord Macaulay's calumnies, but it is against his portrait of Queen Mary that he more especially directs his fire. As not even the warmest admirers of his lordship have ever attributed to him that resolute examination of conflicting evidence by which alone the truth of history can be extracted, it would not have surprised us had Mr. Townend convicted him of as erroneous an estimate of Mary as other critics have done of William Penn. He has not, however, driven in his weapon quite so deep as this. But he has certainly shown that Macaulay has either omitted or forgotten several passages in Oldmixon and Burnett, both anti-Jacobite historians, which ought to have materially qualified the paeany he has passed on that princess. Burnett says, "That Mary's conduct on taking possession of her father's palace elicited universal reprobation;" and adds, "I confess I was one of those who censured her in my thoughts. I thought a little more seriousness had done as well when she came into her father's palace, and was to be set on his throne the next day." He then goes on to say that he "took the liberty" of asking her why what she saw in so sad a

revolution made no greater impression on her. Her answer was, "she was acting a part" in obedience to directions she had received, upon which passage Macaulay builds the following imposing paragraph:

"Mary was not merely in high, but extravagant spirits. She entered Whitehall, it was asserted, with a girlish delight at being mistress of so fine a house; ran about the rooms, peeped into the closets, and examined the quilt of the state bed, without seeming to remember by whom the stately apartments had been occupied. Burnet, who had till then thought her an angel in human form, could not on this occasion refrain from blaming her. He was the more astonished, because, when he took leave of her at the Hague, she was, though fully convinced she was in the path of duty, deeply dejected. To him as to her spiritual guide she explained her conduct. William had written to inform her that some of those who had tried to separate their interests from his, still continued their machinations: they gave out that she thought herself wronged; and if she wore a gloomy countenance the report would be confirmed. He therefore entreated her to make her first appearance with an air of cheerfulness. Her heart, she said, was far indeed from cheerful: but she had done her best, and as she was afraid of not sustaining well a part which was uncongenial to her feelings, she had over-acted it. Her deportment was the subject of reams of scurrility in prose and verse; it lowered her in the opinion of some whose esteem she valued; nor did the world know, till she was beyond the reach of praise and censure, that the conduct which had brought on her the reproach of levity and insensibility, was really a signal instance of that perfect disinterestedness and self-devotion of which man seems to be incapable, but which is sometimes found in woman."

Who cannot imagine how his lordship would have rioted in sarcasm at the expense of any luckless writer who had set up the same defence of a Jacobite princess? But to the point. It might very well have struck any one on reading the above passage, that such is not exactly the demeanour of a person who "is acting a part." Queen Mary might have maintained a smiling countenance and an untroubled exterior while all the time she was suffering acute mental anguish. But in order to prevent the few people who accompanied her from thinking she was dissatisfied, it was not necessary to "run about" the rooms with girlish delight, to peep into the closets, and examine the quilts. She was not obliged to be undignified in order to prove she was unfeeling; and such, in point of fact, is substantially the judgment of Oldmixon, who is a little indignant that any one should have supposed she was "acting."

"If," says he, "they had seen her as others did, they would not have ventured to report such falsity: so far from acting a part not natural to her, there was nothing in her looks which was not as natural and as lovely as ever there were charms in woman."

The testimony both of Evelyn and the Duchess of Marlborough is of the same character. It is difficult, therefore, to escape from one of two conclusions—that Mary had either less ability or less tenderness than her Vates Sacer has represented. If she was acting a part, she was extremely ridiculous; if she was not, she was extremely callous. We can recommend the whole of this portion of Mr. Townend's book, reaching from about the 40th to the 90th page, to our readers' attention. The style is rather weak, and the conclusions rather strong; but on the whole we consider it sufficiently well done to merit the perusal of all persons who are interested in the questions of which it treats.

Mr. Townend's remarks on the oath of

abjuration we consider to be somewhat uncalled for. We don't think the majority of well-informed people were ignorant that an elder branch of the Stuarts was represented by one of the Italian dynasties. They might not have been sure whether it was Sardinia or Modena. But they knew that the claim existed. And if it was ignored in the debates in Parliament it was only because the English are too practical a people to trouble themselves about a barren pedigree. Why, even in 1701, the protest of the Duchess of Savoy (afterwards Queen of Sardinia) against the Act of Settlement was deemed "too insignificant for notice." And every Englishman must have felt that with the accession of George III. all real danger, even from an existent James III., had passed away. We mightn't take the trouble to alter the oath in question any more than many other formulae which time has rendered meaningless; but if we did alter it, we should hardly do so in the direction Mr. Townend indicates, which would be only substituting one "sham for another."

We cannot conclude our notice of this work without expressing our admiration of the care, completeness, and clearness with which the numerous genealogical tables have been drawn up. No one who is interested in the royal family histories of Europe should be without them. Writers for the public press, embryo diplomatists, even "diners out," and all that numerous tribe for whose sole edification, according to Mr. Thackeray, the *Times* provides its foreign correspondence, will find in Mr. Townend's tables a copious and accessible fund of knowledge.

Les Poètes Amoureux; Episodes de la Vie Littéraire. Par Amédée Pichot. (Michel Lévy, Frères. Paris.)

This volume possesses no slight interest for English readers, inasmuch as, under its title of "*Les Poètes Amoureux*," it contains biographical and literary essays upon four English poets; and a certain degree of curiosity is naturally awakened as to the point of view from which a French moral telescope will regard the intellectual spirit of men of greatness or note in our literary firmament, and as to the manner in which French feeling will treat the thoughts, the doings, and certain passages in the lives of our illustrious authors.

With the exception of a brief notice upon Canova, who is altogether out of place in the collection of poets, or is only to be classed among them either by that sort of metaphysical refinement which looks upon the highest art as the embodied essence of poetry, or that close regard to etymological derivation, which considers the *creator* in any branch of art as a poet, the volume contains only essays upon Milton, Pope, Cowper, and Chatterton.

The first thing that strikes us, however, in a volume treating of the lives of these English poets, is the complete misnomer of the title. The author, to be sure, tells us in his preface that the title belongs to his editor, and that he has only adopted it for want of a better. But in his selection of these names he could scarcely have hit upon one less applicable. Among the whole range of English poets the author would have found it difficult to have picked out any other four, of whose "loves" so little could be said, in whom the passion of love formed so small a part of their visible spirit, or upon whose

career and destiny the great *primum mobile* of many men's lives had so very minor an influence. With regard to Chatterton the author indeed himself says, "The loves of this latter poet were a problem which has even been solved in a negative sense." Humbly begging pardon of the ardent admirers of Pope, we cannot help regarding his so-called passion for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu more as an ebullition of vanity than as any real sentiment; nor can we consider that the supposed passages in his life with Miss Martha Blount in any way entitle him to be classed among the "*poètes amoureux*." Where does our author, again, find the "lover poet" in our poor, delicate, mind-tossed, susceptible Cowper? We certainly hear, in his earlier years, of an attachment to his cousin Theodora, before he appeared in the face of the world as an author and a poet. But who was his friend, his companion, his guiding-star throughout his literary career? Surely, we should do as much injustice to the memory of Cowper, as was occasionally and most wrongfully done him during his lifetime, were we to look upon his religious friendship with Mrs. Unwin otherwise than as a platonic affection of the purest and most spiritual kind. Certainly, we nowhere find the *lover*. The loves of Milton are, at the most, very doubtful, and may be said to have existed only in fiction. Even if we accept the tradition of the fair incognita, who beheld the handsome youthful poet sleeping, and wrote such pretty verses to his closed eyes, we cannot discover that the adventure led to any love passages; nor can we look upon such notices as we may possess of Milton's courtship of his three wives as evidences of any serious passion. Even if we consider his first marriage as a love-match, all the world knows how unfortunately it turned out. According to the wise saws of the prudent, we may imagine, then, that it *was* a love-match from that very fact. There is proof also that his second wife was at least greatly regretted by him: he tells us so in those beautiful lines addressed to his "late espoused saint," in whose person "love, sweetness, goodness" shined. But it would appear that he married both his latter wives as companions and nurses in his blindness, rather than from passion. Nor in these passages of his life do we find sufficient to class him as a "*poète amoureux*." His Italian sonnets, addressed to the Leonora Baroni, are instances of the homage usually paid by poets in his days to talent and celebrity rather than of ardent love. M. Amédée Pichot certainly connects the illustrious singer with the unknown lady of the eyes, who is represented to have visited England in the earlier part of her career, and whom Milton is supposed to have long sought in vain. But he admits the fiction in this case as (we suppose) in other portions of his work. In his preface he tells us "*The poètes amoureux* have the same relation to biography which the historical romance has to history. * * * I have not bound myself," he says, "to literal truth: but I have endeavoured to be faithful as regards the characters of my personages, and I know of notices and biographies far less true than my little tales." Admitting on our own parts all the due licence of fiction, we cannot but repeat that the author has adopted a most erroneous title, in classifying under "*Les Poètes Amoureux*," the very men who, perhaps, least of all among the many could make any claim to the denomination. All

these men—or three of them at least—were of frail, nervous, susceptible natures; of the stuff that belongs to the poet—but lover-poet! No!

It is curious to see a French writer at work upon any subject treating of England and the English. With but very few exceptions (we may instance M. Philardé Charles as one—an exception proving the rule), French authors seem determined wilfully and with malice prepense to place a pair of French moral spectacles on their noses, and view country and nationality only through a French medium. Explanation after explanation is bestowed upon them in vain. English manners, English doings, English temperaments, and even English names must be distorted in order to meet French preconceived ideas. We can easily forgive them for not finding a clue to the labyrinth of English titles and English titelature *par courtoisie*—a labyrinth in which many a well-informed Englishman finds himself frequently lost. We can understand their confusion of mind at hearing, for instance, that a Duke of Somerset is a St. Maur, while a Duke of Beaufort is a Somerset. And thus we have only a certain degree of commiseration for our bewildered author, when we find him in his notice upon Pope denominating the husband of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, *l'Honorable Lord Wortley*. But it remains a mystery to us (although it is an established fact, which we are obliged to recognise and accept) why Frenchmen will deliberately insist, *par exemple*, in attaching an “s” to all English Christian names, and, when they possibly can, to all surnames also. We have long since been obliged to bow before their persistence in the “divine Williams.” But why should M. Amédée Pichot, who professes to have made England and the English his peculiar study, still follow the lead by calling a Robert or a Richard, Roberts or Richards? We give the matter up—we cannot solve the riddle. Why, too, in his essay upon Cowper, must poor Mrs. Unwin have the inevitable “s” tacked to her name, if her own name she gets at all? For in the confusion respecting the common custom among the English of adopting family names as baptismal appellations—a very simple confusion, we should think, but which a Frenchman invariably refuses to unravel—she is sometimes called Mistress Morley Unwins, but more generally “Mistress Morley;” while upon the same principle we have *la* Miss Morley and *Master* Morley. We may thank M. Amédée Pichot, however, for having quickly cleared up, by this error of names, a delusion into which he had nigh thrown us. The biography of Cowper is almost entirely contained in a journal supposed to be written by himself, and transmitted from time to time to his cousin Theodora. The author had certainly prepared us openly for the exercise of his licence of fiction; but when we found a note appended, by which, with seeming good faith, he informs us seriously how at the death of Theodora Cowper this journal fell into the hands of Mlle. Eléonore de Rollonfort, who, during the migration, had been the intimate friend of the former lady, and thus came into his own possession, we were for a moment inclined to hesitate as to its genuineness, or at all events its partial authenticity; but good “Mistress Morley” soon placed our little doubts at rest. That name was never of Cowper’s own inditing.

M. Amédée Pichot has evidently travelled in England, and in his preface to his sup-

posed biography of Milton, gives us a pretty and tolerably correct contrast between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a pleasant fancy sketch of Christ College garden, the famous mulberry tree of Milton, and of a certain facetious and pedantic college porter and a *jardinier universitaire*, who condescends to till the grounds of Christ’s. We certainly, at the same time, are at a loss to know what amount of credence we ought to give to the romantic scene which passes before the mulberry tree; and we are somewhat puzzled about a certain Baron R—, who acts as a cicerone to our author, the said Baron being a fellow of Trinity College, who “*jouissait de son canonicat universitaire*.” He paints us a bright picture also in his introductory chapter to his notice upon Pope, of Richmond, of a row upon the Thames, and of the Twickenham villa. He can even be little French enough to admit that all England is not always enveloped in an eternal *brouillard*. He actually colours up his picture with a “*ciel pur et bleu*,” an air “*limpide et doux*,” and positively says (credit it, ye Frenchmen, if you can!) “*trois fois je l’ai trouvé tel*.” But this picture he somewhat mars by his phrenological dissertations upon a model of the skull of Pope, which he informs us was placed in the grotto as an “*ornement nouveau dans le goût Anglais*” (it were strange if the Frenchman could not have discovered in our bad taste that mistiness he did find in the climate), and by the introduced foreground figure of a boatman-guide, who interrupts the author’s scientific effusions upon phrenology by saying, with a “*trait d’humeur britannique* : “ “You forget, sir, among these bumps, that one which had the greatest influence upon the talent and character of Pope, the bump in his backbone.” We must suppose, however, that this “*trait d’humeur britannique*” was considered a necessary invention to serve as a sort of dramatic exposition to the notice which follows, for we find that our author himself throughout bases his ideas upon the direction taken by the mind of Pope in his poetry, and the deviations of his temper entirely to the influence exercised upon them by a wounded vanity arising from the consciousness of a personal deformity. With similar tolerable correctness in description of localities, he prefaces his Cowper journal with a little historical sketch of the town of Huntingdon, and of its aspect in the year 1765; and, in his notice of the birth-place of Chatterton, places well before the eyes of his readers Bristol and the Church of St. Mary Redcliff. His sketch of the London Tavern also, in which he first introduces us to Pope, has less of the leaven of absurdity than usually ferments in sketches of similar places traced by French authors; and in his account of the “*maisons appelées encore*” coffee-houses of the present day, he remains tolerably accurate. It is only when speaking of the taverns, where, in the time of Elizabeth and afterwards, such men as Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, regularly assembled to talk theatricals over their bottles of *sherry*, that the foreigner perpetrates an anachronism of diction which we may easily overlook.

M. Amédée Pichot, then, has had opportunities of personal observation, and among the English with whom he was acquainted, and from whom he sought information, opportunities of personal intercourse, which ought to have corrected many of those erroneous preconceptions respecting certain

traits of English manners and habits of thought, which French authors will persist in cherishing and recording in spite of all they may see and all they may hear. It is no use attempting to restrain the grotesque gambols of such an historical and geographical mountebank as M. Alexandre Dumas, when he flings himself into the circus of foreign habits and customs. We laugh when he grins “Here we are!” at the very time he is nowhere at all, in any possible world. We can pardon Madame Georges Sand her eccentric fantasies among the snows of Sweden and in the forests of Bohemia, in favour of the gorgeous pictures of places which she has studied like Venice; and, by the way, this lady has been one of the best delineators of English character, at least on the side of that reserve which is generally mistaken for apathy. But, in spite of his claim to the licence of fiction, we are unwilling to excuse the errors of a man who assumes to be thoroughly imbued with the inmost characteristics of the English, and who presents us, after all, with serious essays upon our poets.

Setting aside, however, the evident misnomer of the title, and the occasional inability of the author to remove from before his eyes those genuine French spectacles which taint things with false colours, there is much in these quasi-biographies that may be perused with satisfaction as well as curiosity by English readers. M. Amédée Pichot has a pleasant and natural manner of putting together known anecdotes and sayings of his personages, and working them up into a smooth and well-mixed whole. We will not say moreover that he has not succeeded to a certain extent in his endeavour “*à rester fidèle au caractère des personages*.”

But in this respect, the writer of fiction assumes a licence, which fetters instead of aiding the biographer: whilst the air of genuine biography, purposely bestowed upon his sketches, perpetually takes away from the excuses for error or onesidedness which fiction may offer. Thus, in order to meet the demands of fiction, which requires a continuous and concentrated interest of character in the prominent figure, the author is obliged to take one particular and pre-eminent trait in each of his personages, and work out the sustained characteristics of the man in this one trait alone. For Milton he has taken the militant protestantism, for Pope the morbid susceptibility of wounded vanity, for Cowper the warped religious bias, which is constantly pushing him on to the verge of insanity. In the reckless vagabondism of intellect and action in Chatterton he appears not to have been able to seize one particular salient point: he seems dazzled and confused, and staggers through his brief history of the wonderful literary forger with all the want of settled purpose of a drunken man; he is sometimes brilliant in his writing, but he is as visionary and misty as his hero. But whilst fiction has found in the one trait of character material for a personage of romance, biography vainly asks, where is the man? Where are the expositions of many-sided character to be found in every human being? Is not this a *phantom*?

As a proof of the ingenious manner in which M. Amédée Pichot has interwoven the materials which he found ready to his hand, we learn, from his epilogue to the life of Milton, that he has been inspired by the biographical essay of Lord Macaulay—“*Je lui dois*,” he says, “*la comparaison entre la liberté et la fée Manto*”—by the frag-

mentary poems of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, entitled "Milton," in which as with our author Leonora Baroni is represented as having visited England for the sake of Milton—and by the two sonnets of Bowles, "Milton in Youth," "Milton in Age." To the suggestions of the latter verses he attributes the first idea of his sketch. "I had conceived," he goes on to say, "a picture of this poetic life upon a much larger plan than that which I have adopted here. I perceived a little too late that I should have to write a history instead of a tale. My dream was of a portrait. I have only sketched a profile; although I have still preserved certain accessories a little too large, I fear, for the reduced proportions of the frame." The want of proportion, here acknowledged, is certainly very conspicuous in all his latter scenes of Milton's life.

The sketch of the life of Pope is coloured, as we have already intimated, by one prevailing tint. We have a description of the rage of the poet at the answer supposed to have been given to his question, "What is a note of interrogation?" "A crooked little thing that asks questions." The scene is made to pass at Wills' coffee-house; and the repartee is placed in the mouth of a young officer, who appears afterwards upon the scene as the more favoured lover of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (introduced again as the *jeune officier du café de Button*) and is made to excite the jealousy of Pope, and complete his rupture with the lady. "Ce jour là même," says the author, as the ending to a chapter, "*le poète ajouta quarante vers à sa satire contre les femmes.*" Taken from the point of view in which the author has found it necessary to conduct a *nouvellette*, which in vain assumes the false air of a biography, the dialogue scenes between the vanity-wounded poet, and the clever, ambitious, well-informed, *spirituelle coquette* (in which light the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is traced), are extremely well conducted. The manner in which passages from the well-known letters of the lady, and the verse-recorded opinions of the poet are interwoven into a natural flow of conversation is ingenious enough, and displays considerable tact and spirit. The chapter containing the interview, and entitled "*Le malheur d'être bossu, ou la femme diplomate*" is devised with *esprit*. Less good is the counterpart chapter, headed "*L'avantage d'être bossu, ou la prude*," in which the relations of Pope with the Blount family are expounded. The author finds it difficult to depict the character of Martha Blount according to his own preconceived French notions of feminine nature, without altogether injuring her reputation. It is in vain that he endeavours to throw over this part of his story that "local colouring" of national character, of which the French talk so much when attempting to delineate foreign natures, but which they invariably manage so ill. He flounders about in his sentiment or his fancied *quasi-sentiment* of supposed English prudery; and after all sums up by a judgment, attributed to Lady Mary, and placed in the mouth of the young officer *du café de Button*. "*Une vertu! me répondit Miladi,*" says the military coxcomb in speaking of Martha Blount in her attendance upon the death-bed of Pope, "*croyez bien que ce n'est qu'une prude trop heureuse d'abriter sa prétendue sagesse derrière la bosse de son amant*"—an insult to the memory of both ladies!

In the imaginary journal of Cowper there

is more merit. The religious doubts and scruples of the harassed mind, tottering at times on the brink of insanity, are delineated with much conscientious care, and (assuming the truth of the portraiture) with much delicate physiological discernment. Good too in its way is the picture of the strictly minded, or, to a French idea, Puritanical provincial family. But here again we object to the false sentiment, laboured and refined in writing to the verge of the grotesque, with which the supposed attachment of Miss Fanny Unwin (or Morley, as the author will have it) for the youthful poet (he was at least thirty-four years of age at the period of his first acquaintance with the Unwin family) is treated in the poet's own journal. The greater part of the journal, however, is occupied with the difficulties of the position of Cowper and the widowed Mrs. Unwin in their residence together at Olney, the *médiances* of the world, the remonstrances of the "*pasteur*" and of kindly officious friends, and the perplexed hesitation of the bewildered poet between spiritual friendship and worldly decorum.

The article on Chatterton is more succinct and somewhat flurried in style. Of the loves of Chatterton we hear nothing but of his love for a book, amounting to a passion. Still in the perplexed and incomplete notice of the wretched genius there is an affinity to the character of the man, which gives a colouring of interest to the tale. One of the best portions is the imaginary conversation which records the well-known interview of Chatterton with the Lord Mayor Beckford. The horrors of the catastrophe are veiled with a delicacy altogether meritorious.

Spite then of its little errors, and sometimes greater defects of taste, M. Amédée Pichot has written a work upon four of our celebrated poets, which cannot be without considerable interest to English readers.

A Tramp's Wallet, stored by an English Goldsmith during his Wanderings in Germany and France. By William Duthie. (Darton & Co.)

MANY continental travellers will be familiar with the figure of the wandering German *Handwerksbursche*, not unpicturesque, although maybe sometimes travel-begrimed, as in former days he ran by the side of the travelling carriage or the diligence, begging for those alms to assist him on his journey, which he thought it no degradation to solicit from better-circumstanced wayfarers, and which custom and, we believe, law sanctioned his demanding. Railway travelling has much modified, and even almost altogether done away with this begging practice; and the poor *Handwerksbursche* remains unknown to the generality of modern excursionists. Travelling facilities have, at the same time, removed the tramping German artisan, in some degree, from the old dusty high road. Our author himself tells us, in the introduction to his separate sketches of tramping life, "No one knows better than the tramp that a railway or a steamboat is always cheaper than shoe-leather and time; and, no doubt, as these new means of progress increase in number, they will entirely change the character of German trade wanderings." With the *Compagnon du tour de France*, the wandering French apprentice workman, who, with sundry modifications and complications in his mode of life, occupied a similar strange position

to that of his German brother, foreign travellers are, perhaps, less acquainted. The German formed a more prominent accessory in the more simple German landscape; the Frenchman was always more swamped in the more extended French civilisation, and offered, consequently, less characteristic features.

Of the *Handwerksbursche*, as he was well known not many years ago, in his principal characteristic as the successor of the *Bettler-Student*, or begging-student of earlier times, we hear nothing in these pages. Had the practice of soliciting alms been still prevalent among the "trade-trampers," as our author quaintly calls the wandering workmen, he is evidently too frank and honest to have concealed the fact. We certainly hear of assistance afforded to wandering artisans by the *Casse*, or treasury, of various guilds in different towns, and of applications made by them for the customary "*trade-Geschenk*" before starting on their travels. Our author, on first beginning his German wanderings, seems to have been somewhat unnecessarily scrupulous about applying to a guild, in his need, for the *viaticum*, as the pedantic northern Germans term this relief from the guild fund. But, as during every period of regular employment in any town, we find him compelled to contribute his own quatum to the *Casse* of the local guild, for the purpose of relieving his fellow-wanderers in want, there was surely no reason for feeling any shame for levying in one town what he had deposited in another, any more than there is in claiming at a money-order office a sum left at some other office in a distant part of the kingdom. We think, then, that there is an exaggeration of delicacy on his part (however pardonable) in his "feeling of humiliation" at availing himself, during his long journey from Vienna to Strasburg, of "whatever assistance was granted to 'wandering boys,' unable to obtain employment." He himself tells us, pleading at the same time, his "slender resources" as an excuse, "we had a perfect right to this aid, and had, while in work, always contributed to the fund (in which we had, indeed, no option);" and we thus find an excess of susceptibility in the confession that "there was something exceedingly like asking for alms in the whole practice of obtaining it." No doubt, at the same time, the practice, however customary, was grating to the feelings of the sturdy independent Englishman. After all, during the whole long journey above-mentioned, the sum obtained from the various *Cassen* appears to have only amounted to about "two shillings and sixpence in English money;" "and what," adds the author, piteously, "must be the fate of those whose dependence was upon such a pittance!" Had the *Handwerksbursche*, as we have known him in former days, still existed as the *Bettlerbursche*, we have no doubt that the author would have just as ingenuously told us so. The changes of the world and the progress of civilisation have swept this well-known old landscape figure from the scene. We find, consequently, a source of fresh information and amusement, as well as a curiosity in literature, in such a book as this, conveying a well written and highly graphic as well as instructive account of the wanderings of an English artisan along the same paths and amidst the same scenes as those of his foreign comrades, whom we have so much lost out of sight.

The analogous figure to the *Handwerks-*

bursche, the *Compagnon du tour de France*, the wandering French apprentice workman, with his complicated internal organisation, his secret societies, called "*devoirs*," into which he had to be initiated with as much mystery as a freemason, and which, like the freemasons, he boasts in tracing to the days of Solomon on the one hand, and to the Grand Templars on the other; his strange mixture of religious and social doctrines (formerly tolerated by the police on account of the spirit of *order* they were supposed to inculcate); his bloody conflicts with the members of some rival and antagonistic *devoir*, and all his other strangely confounded and strangely conflicting habits and opinions (so curiously set forth in Madame Sand's somewhat objectionable but remarkable novel, entitled "*Le Compagnon du Tour de France*") finds no place whatever in the pictures of this volume. Perhaps, like his brother German, he has somewhat faded from the general canvas of modern French society, as we once knew him, under the influence of later police restrictions, governmental fears of secret societies, and the gradual decrease of old world manners and customs. But we have nothing of him in this book. Mr. Duthie's experiences of the life of a French workman are confined entirely to his life in the capital. Thus, however instructive his sketches of the social life of the Parisian artisan, and his carefully drawn up statistics; however bright and graphic his pictures of a state of society little known even to a French public, except through *quasi* humorous romances, fleeting *physiologies*, and exaggerated dry statements of would-be profound socialistic books and pamphlets; however amusing his episodes of Parisian interiors among the middle and lower classes, we are not enlightened as to the life of the regular "tramper" in France; and all his latter chapters bear less upon his title of "*The Tramp's Wallet*" than those that record his wanderings and adventures, chiefly on foot, and frequently under circumstances of difficulty, danger, discomfort and want, upon German ground. Here the entertaining and instructive writer fully justifies his appellation.

We have spoken of difficulties and discomforts in weary road-side tramp, through storm and rain, with blistered feet and failing shoelather, in the dirty roadside pothouses with foul straw for the only bed of the wanderer, or in the crowded *Herberge* (the ill constituted "house of call" or "refuge," ordained for the temporary residence of the wandering apprentice), with no food but a little fruit, a crust of bread, and a draught from the spring, amidst police annoyances, inconsistencies, and insolences. But there is many a bright scene also in these pages of the workman's simple pleasures, of his cheery rambles, and his enthusiasm for works of art, of his evening in the gallery of the theatre, to visit which some *kreutzers* of his scanty pittance have been carefully hoarded, of his jovial supper upon the unwonted luxury of the *Leberwurst* (liver sausage), when he is in full employment and his mind is at ease. Thus, in these sketches of the wandering workman's life, we find the pictures charmingly chequered with light and shade: and how pleasantly do the sunlight gleams flicker along the pages! The book is far from being a collection of weary grumblings or of pathetic appeals to sympathy in the "Early Struggles of a Young Artisan." There is a cheeriness of tone in it under all circum-

stances, which is as manly as it is apparently unaffected. The sprightliness of manner, that describes foreign streets and foreign costumes, the fair spots of foreign travel, the galleries of art, the German workshop, and the German peculiarities, is never marred by lamentations, or by overstrained appeals to consideration and pity in the moments of penury and want. We feel throughout a pride in the vigorous and simple bearing of our English workman in a foreign land, at the same time that we are entertained by his pleasant sketchy style of description, at once simple and graphic. He can amuse us without an effort to be extra-funny, and place before us pictures of nature, without attempting to dip his brush in glaring colours. He can be lively as he trips along the path of the brighter scenes he visits, without throwing himself into contortions or dancing us a jig. He never forgets he is the wandering artisan, yet never descends into vulgarity.

Among the brighter scenes of description in this book, we may cite at once the pictures of the streets of Hamburg, where foreign scenes were first new and fresh to the wanderer, of Altona, and a Danish harvest home, with its symbolical procession—of the workshop in Hamburg—of the various holiday groupings and amusements—of Berlin, its monuments, its palaces, its galleries, and its environs—of the fair time at Leipsic, and a visit to the silver-mines near Freiberg—of Saxon Switzerland, and the companions on a tramp to Vienna—of Vienna life, with its episodic adventures—of the salt mines of Hallein (very minutely and truthfully described, and not without a seasoning of pleasant humour)—and of Bavaria and its *quondam* sovereign. Not less amusing are his accounts of the Parisian workman, even in the pages of social information and statistical record—the life of the artisan in Paris, and the anomalies of a foreign Sunday. All these pages of lively description are imbued with unaffected naturalness and modest simplicity.

But perhaps, after all, the most remarkable portion of the book consists in the practical information that it conveys, and always conveys in a pleasant readable manner. The experience of three years and a half has enabled the wanderer to collect a fund of knowledge for serious minds, employed upon the social and political position of our own working classes, of a sort scarcely to be expected from a series of light sketchy chapters, and under such a title. The inferential comparisons drawn between the condition of the English and the foreign artisan, more particularly as regards the rate of wages and the expenses of foreign life, are numerous and instructive. Thus, although the author's constant references to remuneration and outlay, even in the most minute details, would otherwise appear monotonous and wearying, they may here be read with a considerable degree of interest, and are indeed, as the writer himself says, "of vital importance." His apology then in his "Introductory Narrative," in which he deprecates being "misunderstood in stating minute items of receipt and expenditure," is scarcely needed. The reader's own judgment will see at once the value of the information conveyed; nor will any sense of weariness induce him to skip financial details, which never become obtrusive. The inference to be drawn is that, notwithstanding the low rate of wages, the scale of foreign

expenses is so reduced, and the requirements of an artisan's existence abroad so simple, that the young workman, first struggling through the difficulties and discomforts of that *premier pas* in life, which to all who have to work their way is proverbially so difficult, can tread the thorny path with lesser evils and a far more cheery and hopeful spirit than with us. True, the "vexed question" of early marriages must be at once decided in the negative. In this respect, although the German workman is generally an eminently sober being, we find faint allusions to the moral portion of the subject, which leave the question still a vexed one. The married workman is even ill looked upon, and regarded as an improvident, unthrifty fellow, ("a doomed mortal," says our author) upon whom less reliance is to be placed than upon the self-denying bachelor. Thus the comparison between the English workman and his foreign brother, as regards facilities of life, is never quite complete, in the statistical accounts before us. The family expenses of the British artisan are thoroughly ignored in casting up the respective accounts. The more moral Englishman must have, under all circumstances of comparison, the harder part to play.

The German likewise accepts cheerfully a state of existence, which by the generality of English workmen would be considered the greatest hardship. In his years of apprenticeship, previous to emancipation, he is thoroughly deprived of every feeling of independence: "obedience to elders and superiors is the one great duty inculcated." The workman is installed in his master's house: "he will sleep in a vile hole, will look upon coffee and butter as undeniable luxuries, and know the weight of his master's hand." But then the "master presides at the common table, and blesses the meat with the air of a father of his people;" "daily familiar intercourse creates a respectful familiarity which raises the workman without lowering the master;" and "the manners of both are thereby decidedly improved." He does not feel the imprisonment and restraint as the workman of his years would do in England. His amusements, too, are simple. He finds "one great source of pleasure" in the "state school, which he attends on Sundays, and where he is instructed in drawing and modelling." He is gay, but "not recklessly so," "passionately fond of music," and addicted to "the practice of choral singing." He shows no "want of respect for the church and its institutions, quite the reverse;" and, though we hear in this book of beerhouses and boisterous mirth, we find very scanty reference to any drunkenness. A Sunday excursion with a band of chosen friends, or a seat in the gallery of a theatre to hear music or witness the performance of a play of Shakspeare, are in his eyes the *non plus ultra* of human felicity. In fact, the German workman, from our author's showing, is, in the vast majority, that being of innocent amusements and instructive pleasures in his leisure moments, into which kindly men have endeavoured to transform the English artisan, although we fear succeeding only with the minority.

Thus, when our wandering author-workman in his preface ventures to hope that his pages "may be worthy of publication," inasmuch as there have only yet appeared "in public print sorrowful recitals of journeys attempted by English workmen in foreign countries, with no better result than the utter failure of the resources of the adven-

traveller, and his return homeward by the aid of private charity or the good offices of his consul," whereas his own travels "were financially a success, being prosecuted throughout by means of the wages earned during their progress," he abstains, in his modesty, from entering into the main causes of this success. He does not tell us that, in order to prosecute the adventurous journey of an English workman upon foreign soil, it is indispensably necessary to be (as he himself was) prudent, sensible, economical, industrious, long-suffering, able to endure privation, to identify himself with his foreign comrades, to live their simple life, and enjoy their simple pleasures. Without such rare qualities of self-adaptation to foreign habits and modes of life, combined with natural talent, it is more than probable, even with the facilities afforded in the matter of expense, that a similar experiment undertaken by an ordinary English workman would prove a failure.

On the subject of the political life of the foreign workmen we have an abundance of information. This has chiefly reference to the supervision of the police authorities over the artisan, more especially in his wandering capacity. Still in the same lively and cheery tone, that bears all the grievances of *surveillance* with a manly spirit, the writer gives us many a notice of German and French police restrictions. In the contrast to be drawn from these accounts, it would appear that, although the latter are more stern and stringent (and yet nothing can exceed the overbearing severity of the Austrian police), the former are more senseless and worrying, or, to use a familiar term, "nagging" in their nature. On one occasion we find a most ludicrous "dead lock," or, as the author pleasantly says, a case of the dagger scene in the "Critic," occasioned by the conflicting regulations of German authorities. On his departure from Leipzig to return to Berlin, he has "Guild regulations to fulfil, the railway officials to wait on, the police to satisfy." "The last named gentlemen," he proceeds to tell us, "would not consent to *viser* my passport, till I should produce my railway ticket as a proof of my intention to go; while the railway officials doubted the propriety of issuing a ticket till I had received the authority of the police for my departure." Visas, counter-visas, and counter-counter-visas frequently detain the "tramp" upon his journey, and compel him to lose precious time and disburse scanty resources. He is obliged to produce to each police authority proof in money of his solvency on his route; and he is compelled, upon demand, to prove by a strict personal inspection that he is free from any contagious disease. When provided only with a workman's book, he is taken off under *surveillance* on arrival in a town to the police-appointed *Herberge*—a compulsory residence which, with his foreign passport, our author was enabled to escape. By the Vienna police, however, he is placed under the restrictions laid on German workmen, and taxed at the same time as an independent travelling foreigner. At every step arise police obstacles; at every step he meets with overbearing police insolence. Vouchers, visas, permissions to reside, are all given with difficulty, and with the harshest words. In fact, in Vienna the workman is treated *primâ facie* as a criminal, until he can with difficulty prove that he is the contrary. We scarcely know which of the two "Bogues" most

excites our wrath—the Prussian who, with his pedantic quibbling, three times sends back the applicant for a right of domicile in Berlin for an error in some petty formality which he owns at last to be useless, or the Austrian, with his dogged bullying insolence. The Bavarian appears in these pages to unite the pedantry and the insolence of the two in a most characteristic whole. At Augsburg we learn that our friend, having arrived with some companions from Munich by rail, entered the town unchallenged. But, the next morning, on duly presenting their papers at the police bureau they were met by an accusation of having smuggled themselves into the city, and were ordered to be taken back to the gate by which they entered, and deliver up their passports there, as by law appointed, to the sentinel. "Truly," says our author, "the German is a patient animal;" and truly, may we say, has our English artisan an easier life in this one important particular. We may add that our Englishman once loses his patience, assaults a sacred policeman (an affair in which he is altogether in the wrong), and is enabled thereby to present us with the fearfully graphic picture of an Austrian House of Detention, in a chapter headed "A Taste of Austrian Jails."

The regulations of the French police authorities point, in a less senseless manner, however tyrannical they may be, to dangerous political opinions. In Paris we learn that police interference has caused the suppression of most of the benefit clubs, and closed the singing meetings, lest they should be tainted with the revolutionary principles of secret societies, and that government "would build huge workmen's barracks to keep them under watch and ward." At the same time, the author tells us that, "with all his faults and oddities, the workman of Paris is essentially a thoroughly good fellow;" and that he well knows, by the simplest statistical calculation of past disasters in trade, that he can but be a loser by revolutions. Police rigours, however, are based upon other reasonings than this appreciation of the Parisian workman's character.

Several of the chapters of this work, we find, have been already published in *Household Words*, and the book is dedicated to Mr. Dickens. The author has friends and supporters. In offering him our tribute of admiration we can but express a wish that he had found some one to correct his errors in German, which are too frequent to be looked upon as mere misprints. We have *kegle* for *kegel*, *se* (continually) for *unter dem*, *bevhont* for *bevoht*, *einsich* for *einsam*, "*was haben sie?*" to signify (which the expression cannot) "what have you done?" and *kripple-gespiel*, translated "puppet-show," which is probably intended for *krippe-gespiel*, that may mean acting the cripple or beggar, or rather, "beggarly make-up," and many others.

Murray's Handbook for Syria and Palestine.
Part II. (John Murray.)

Of the admirable performance which this book has turned out to be, whether in the design or the execution, we spoke fully last week. We then confined ourselves, in great measure, to a general notice of the conduct of the work, and a particular examination of the "Preliminary Remarks" that inaugurate the whole.

On a nearer acquaintance with the "Hand-

book" we find the information to be so thoroughly complete in all its parts, as to render it idle to attempt in our present space a detailed description of the routes from first to last. Instead of this, we will take the Fourth Section, "Northern Palestine and Damascus," and give a brief account of that as a specimen of the rest. The reader must be informed that, after the "Preliminary Remarks" have been despatched, the remainder of the First Part is occupied with three sections, the subjects of which are—1, The Peninsula of Sinai; 2, Jerusalem; 3, Southern Palestine. The volume now before us treats of—1, Northern Palestine and Damascus; 2, Northern Syria. This, it will be seen, makes up five sections, which are divided out into forty-six routes, no less than *twenty-three* of which—half of the entire number—are comprised under the head of "Northern Palestine and Damascus," the portion of the work we now proceed to notice.

Every section is furnished with its "Preliminary Information," special to itself, independently of the large body of matter at the general commencement. The information at the opening of Section 4 is first of all directed to the due impressing upon travellers the importance of carrying and frequently displaying fire-arms. The author has known a gallant colonel, whose name had been given to one of the batteries that thundered against Sebastopol, get soundly drubbed by a couple of aggressive shepherds. This was simply because his English *pluck*—something better than the failings of the Roman soldier, *qui perfidius se credidit hostibus*—made him undertake a long ride unarmed and alone. A clergyman (a more *successfully* warlike person, certainly, than the gallant officer), was also known by the author to be attacked within a mile of a great city. Two armed cavaliers set upon him; and he escaped being robbed, perhaps worse, only by himself turning robber for the nonce, and snatching a gun from a by-standing peasant (it does not speak well for the peasant), thus rendering himself a match for his assailants. An interesting notice of the "Physical and Political Geography of the Northern District" completes the preliminary information. The routes are pretty much as follows;—From Jerusalem to Jericho, embracing the principal places of interest on the east side of the Jordan, the royal cities of Heshbon and Rabbath-Amman, the noble ruins of Gerasa, the sites of Jabesh-Gilead and Pella, and the remarkable tombs and ruins of the ancient Gadara. Here is the account of the last mentioned point of interest:

"GADARA.—The ruins of this ancient city stand upon a projecting spur at the north-western extremity of the mountains of Gilead (now Jebel 'Ajlûn). Three miles northward is the deep bed of the Sher'at el-Mandhûr, beyond which is the plateau of Jaulân, the ancient *Gaulanitis*. On the west is the Jordan valley; while on the south is Wady el-'Arâb, running parallel to the Mandhûr. Um Keis occupies the crest of the ridge between these two latter wâdys; and as this crest declines in elevation towards the east, the position is strong and commanding. The whole space occupied by the ruins may be reckoned at about two miles in circumference, and there are traces of fortifications all round, though now in a very dilapidated state.

"On the top of the hill, to which we first ascend in order to gain a general view of both the surrounding country and the outline of the city, are great heaps of hewn stones, but no building can be traced. On the northern side of the hill is a theatre, the benches remaining, but the front en-

tirely gone. It is remarkable for its great depth, the uppermost row of seats being some forty feet higher than the lowest. This peculiarity arises in a great measure from its position on the declivity. Not far from this theatre was one of the great gates of the city; and here commences a street which extended through the city, and was lined, liked that at Gerasa, by colonnades on each side. The columns are all prostrate. On the west side of the hill is another larger theatre in better preservation. The walls and a greater part of the seats yet remain; and beneath the latter are deep vaulted chambers, probably for wild beasts. The principal part of the city lay to the west of these two theatres, on an even piece of ground. Now not a house, not a column, not a wall remains standing; yet the ancient pavement of the main street is perfect almost as the day it was laid down, and even the traces of the chariot wheels are visible upon the stones, reminding one of the thoroughfares of Pompeii. In passing along this street we observe one spot where a larger heap of columns lie, and here appears to have once stood the cathedral of Gadara, in those prosperous ages, long since passed, when it enjoyed the rank of an episcopal city. The crypt of this structure is in tolerable preservation. The architecture of the buildings is chiefly Corinthian; Ionic also occurs; but neither order is remarkable for purity of style or taste in execution.

"Perhaps the most interesting remains of Gadara are its tombs, which lie on the east and north-east sides of the hill. They are excavated in the limestone rock, like those around Jerusalem, and consist of chambers of various dimensions, some more than twenty feet square, with recesses for bodies. The doors are all massive slabs of stone, a few ornamented with panels, but most of them plain. Some of these doors still remain in their places, and can be opened and shut with ease, considering their great weight. The hinge is formed of a part of the stone left projecting above and below, and let into sockets cut in the rock. Hundreds of similar doors exist among the deserted cities of the Haurân. The present inhabitants of Um Keis, when it is inhabited, are all Troglodytes, 'dwelling in the tombs,' like the poor maniac of old; and occasionally they are almost as dangerous to the solitary traveller. Along the hill-sides, too, are numbers of sarcophagi formed of black basalt, which must have been brought from some distance. Many of these are ornamented with sculptured garlands and wreaths, gods and genii; but very few have any merit as works of art."

Another route is from Jerusalem to Nabulus, and from Nabulus to Nazareth, by Samaria and Jezreel. Then we have Jerusalem to Nazareth, by the sea coast. We extract from this portion the deeply interesting description of "The scene of Elijah's sacrifice:"

"Carmel derives its chief interest from its having been the scene of one of the most remarkable incidents in the life of the prophet Elijah—the great sacrifice and the slaughter of the prophets of Baal. The exact site of Elijah's sacrifice is still pointed out by local tradition; and its present name, *el-Muhrakah*, 'The Sacrifice,' added to the general features, leaves little doubt upon the mind as to its identity. A pleasant and profitable excursion of a day and a-half may be made to this spot from the convent: it may even be done in a day by hard riding. The path leads along the very crest of the ridge as far as el-Esfiyeh (four hours), a little Druze village, perched on one of the highest points and commanding a noble view. From hence we must take a guide. The path—where there is one—now leads over an undulating plateau, covered with oaks, and a dense underwood of hawthorn, myrtle, and acacia. Thousands of bright flowers spangle the landscape, and fragrant herbs fill the air with perfumes. Well might such a scene suggest the simile, 'Thine head upon thee is like Carmel'—the rich tresses of the 'Bride,' interwoven, as we still see them in Syria, with flowers, and studded

with gems. (Cant. vii. 5.) In about an hour and a-half from el-Esfiyeh we descend to a rocky projection almost overhanging the great plain of Esdraelon, and forming the eastern termination of the ridge, where the wooden heights of Carmel sink down into the usual bleakness of the hills of Palestine. Here amid a thicket of evergreens is a terrace of natural rock, in the midst of which are the ruins of a quadrangular building of large hewn stones. This is the *Muhrakah*; and upon this spot probably stood the altar of the Lord which Jezebel broke down and Elisha repaired. We may now open our Bibles and read the story as related in 1 Kings, xviii. 17-46.

"Close beneath us (I follow Stanley's description), on a wide upland sweep, under the shade of ancient olives, and round a copious fountain, vaulted and built up with ancient masonry—which may have supplied the water for the trench round the altar—must have been ranged, on one side the king and people, on the other the Prophet of the Lord. Full before them opened the whole plain of Esdraelon; on the rising ground on its eastern side the city of Jezreel, with Ahab's palace and Jezebel's temple distinctly visible; in the foreground, under the base of the mountain, was clearly seen the winding stream of the Kishon. Such a scene, teeming with such recollections of Israel's past history, was a fitting theatre for a conflict more momentous than any their ancestors had fought in the plain below. From morning till noon, and from noon till the time of the evening sacrifice, the priests of Baal cried in vain. When the sun was sinking behind the mountain, Elijah's sacrifice was accepted by fire from heaven. The last act of the tragedy was performed on the plain below, where Elijah 'brought' the eight hundred and fifty defeated prophets down the steep declivity 'to the torrent of the Kishon, and slew them there.'"

From Nabulus to Cæsarea, Carmel, and Nazareth; from Jenin to Carmel; from Nazareth to Beyrout, by Tyre and Sidon; from Nazareth to Baniás, Baniás and Tiberias to Damascus, Damascus to Beyrout and Ba'albek, Ba'albek to the Cedars, and, finally, from the Cedars to Beyrout by Tripoli and the coast, or by Afkea and Nahr el Kelb,—these are the principal lines of road which our admirable guide, a better *dragoman* than Eastern travellers have ever yet found to interpret its mysteries for their convenience, would conduct our passage. There are two "excursions," more particularly, the one round the Sea of Tiberias, the other a trip to Palmyra, which are alone sufficient to recommend the book to every one interested in the antiquities of Palestine and Syria. This last forms one of the most desirable episodes in Syrian travel. Difficult of access, and infested by fierce Bedouins, it becomes a kind of feat to reach Palmyra at all. But then when you get there, you are gazing on ruins with which none in the whole country can bear comparison. The Temple of the Sun, with its spacious court, would of itself repay the fatigue and danger of the journey; but when to this we add the great colonnade, nearly a mile in length, the triumphal arch, the multitudes of other temples scattered over the city, and the remarkable mausoleums, with their fretted and painted ceilings and rich sculptures, we may indeed pronounce Palmyra to be one of the gems of Syria. Here is the description of the "Colonnade" for the benefit of disappointed travellers:

"The Great Colonnade is the next wonder of Palmyra. In going to it we pass the fragments of a large monumental column which a French antiquarian blew up, or rather *down*, some years ago. What his object could be in this act of vandalism it is of course impossible to tell. The colonnade commences, as may be seen from the plan, about

300 yards from the north-west angle of the court of the Great Temple; and here stand the remains of a splendid triumphal arch, rather profusely decorated perhaps for strict classic taste. There were originally four rows of columns, or at least such was the design, as may be seen from the plan of the arch; thus forming a central and two side avenues, which extended through the city a distance of about 4000 feet. Each column had on its inner side a bracket for a statue. When this colonnade was complete it must have contained above 1500 columns; of these more than 150 still occupy their places, and long ranges lie prostrate. The height of the order, including base and capital, is 57 feet. The proportions are good, but the details are not finished with the same taste or skill as those of the Temple of the Sun. One remarkable feature of the colonnade is, that it is bent slightly in the middle; and this adds wonderfully to the perspective effect. At the bend stand four square piers, probably where another street crossed; and on the south side are ranges of columns that seem to have been connected with a forum. The age of the colonnade it is impossible accurately to fix; but it is highly probable that it and the other buildings immediately adjoining were the results of a magnificent plan of the Emperor Adrian. There is evidence from inscriptions that it was constructed before A.D. 238, as this date is found underneath one of the brackets. Neither this date, however, nor any other similarly placed, can be regarded as indicating the age of the colonnade itself, any more than the dates on the monuments in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey can be adduced as proofs of the age of those buildings. In fact, it would seem as if these brackets were intended to receive the statues of such as should in after years prove benefactors of their country.

"Near the triumphal arch are two or three shafts of red granite; one measures thirty feet in length, and is three feet in diameter. How it got here is a mystery."

The Fifth Section, descriptive of Northern Syria, contains little more than thirty pages, being just one tenth of the preceding. But it is graced by a very thorough and satisfactory account of Antioch. The situation of this city is truly a royal one:

"The river Orontes from its source in the valley of Colesyria flows northward for 120 miles; and then making a bold sweep, first westward, and afterwards west by south, it forces its way to the sea through the sublime defile between the mountain ranges of Casius and Amanus. At the bend is a spacious alluvial plain, the northern section of which is a lake and morass. This plain gradually converges towards the defile, the river winding through the midst of it. In the plain or valley, on the l. bank of the Orontes, near the mouth of the defile, stands Antioch. It has easy communication with the sea-coast, through the defile, with southern Syria up the valley of the Orontes, with Mesopotamia and the East by Aleppo and the Euphrates, and with Cilicia and Asia Minor through the Beilan Pass, which crosses the ridge of Amanus to the plain of Issus. The Orontes receives a large tributary from the lake on the north, about three miles above the city, and its breadth is increased to fifty yards. Great changes seem to have taken place in its bed. An important part of ancient Antioch stood upon an island—now there is no trace of an island. Probably the island was formed by a canal."

And here is a summary of the history, from Trajan, downwards:

"During the reign of Trajan, Antioch suffered three great calamities—the martyrdom of its bishop, Ignatius; the ravages of the earthquakes, during which the emperor, then in the city, fled to the Circus; and the capture of the city by the Persians under Sapor. On this last occasion the citizens were in the theatre; and the enemy surprised them from the rocks above. After the founding of Constantinople the power of Antioch began to decline. Constantine was the great

patron of ecclesiastical architecture in this city. He erected a magnificent Basilica, and a hospice near it for the reception of travellers. Antioch was the home of two of the most distinguished scholars and writers of the fourth century—*Libanius* the Rhetorician, and *Chrysostom* the Christian Father, to whom we are chiefly indebted for our minute knowledge of their native city. The latter gives the population at 200,000, of whom one-half were Christians. The city was almost destroyed by an earthquake in the reign of Justin, A.D. 526. Under Justinian it was rising to new splendour, but was again shaken by an earthquake (A.D. 583), and soon afterwards utterly desolated by the Persians under Chosroes. It was rebuilt, but on a smaller scale.

"The history of Antioch during the middle ages was one of varied fortunes, but on the whole of gradual decay. It was captured by the Saracens in A.D. 635; it was recaptured in the tenth century under Nicephorus Phocas, by a sudden surprise; it was taken by the Seljüks in 1084; it was stormed by the crusaders on June 3rd, 1099; and it fell again under Muslim rule in 1268. Since then it has rapidly declined. Now, though it gives high-sounding titles to two *Patriarchs*, its whole Christian population might be gathered into a good-sized house."

The writings of *Libanius*, Müller's "Antiquitates Antiochenae," and Ritter's "Palästina und Syrien," are the best authorities for Antioch.

We now bid this work farewell; strongly recommending it alike to the traveller and the student. But we cannot conclude without acquainting the public that it is the result of the enlightened labours of that able, experienced, and truly Christian missionary, the Rev. J. L. Porter of Damascus.

Legends and Lyrics; a Book of Verses. By Adelaide Anne Procter. Second Edition. (Bell & Daldy.)

Is it true that this is an unpoetical age? When we actively engage in the hard business of the world, perceive its practical tendencies, and acquire that sort of selfish which forces us to look after substantial, in the pursuit of which there is little of the emotions of friendship, and less of generosity, it is difficult to deny that this is an unpoetical age. But, on the other hand, when we see the fact, that whenever good poetry appears there is sure to be a demand for it, our faith in the economical axiom is so steadfast, that we doubt no longer. The obvious conclusion is, the age exercises a sound judgment; that good poetry, like any other superior article, is not a bad speculation commercially; and that for bad or indifferent, or even for tolerable, there is scarcely any market at all.

We have been seduced into this mercantile tone by observing upon the title-page of this work, that it has already attained a second edition, and by knowing, as a matter of literary report, that the first was sold with great though not unexampled rapidity. Popular success, however, is sometimes a fallacious test. But in this case, we are happy to say that the teeming beauties of the work amply confirm the public judgment. The public require genuine poetry. Here it is supplied to them, and what they have largely purchased they continue ardently to admire.

Miss Procter belongs to a poetic race. The mantle of Barry Cornwall has descended upon her: and she has produced verses that remind us of Mrs. Browning and of Mrs. Hemans. Worthy of Mrs. Browning is the following

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine:
Before I let thy Future give
Colour and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-
night for me.
I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past,
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which
I can pledge to thee?
Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible Future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshar'd by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before all is lost.
Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.
Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day my whole
life wither and decay.
Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things, new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my heart
against thy own.
Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou wilt
surely warn and save me now.
Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet, I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate—
Whatever on my heart may fall—remember, I
would risk it all!

We might go on citing quotations until the book was exhausted; but we think we have reproduced sufficient to show that the poetic element has not altogether disappeared from among us, and that after all the public rightly appreciate gifts and genius that are laudably used.

NEW NOVELS.

My Lady. A Tale of Modern Life. Two Vols. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

THE one defect of this most commendable novel is its title. "My Lady" is, it is sure, the heroine of the story; she is the amiable, excellent, and much-enduring wife of a selfish, sensual, heartless Baronet; and we are told that her title, which in common with the wives of other Baronets, she bore by right and courtesy, was in her own case "borne by universal consent;" it "became a title of fondness and household endearment almost as tender as that of mother," and "expressed above all others her womanliness, her dignity, her noble and liberal domestic rule." It cannot be given to her daughter-in-law, the wife of her eldest son, Sir Hugh, when he succeeds to the baronetcy and estate, but "belongs for ever to Dame Eleanor Umphraville." Now, we should have no objection to this secondary and symbolical use of a tolerably vulgar title, if we were requested to understand that the story of "My Lady's" virtues and sufferings was here related by an old dependant of the family, a governess, housekeeper, or nurse; or even by the wife of one of the family tradesmen; but, we confess it shocks us a little, and we believe would shock anybody (except, perhaps, the pious wife of a be-knighted alderman), to find this true mother and loyal wife addressed as "My Lady" by her nearest and dearest relations—by her sons and daughters, when she is at the point of death! This, we submit, is as offensive to taste and feeling as it is to probability. "Dame Eleanor" is quite another mode of appellation, often met with, we are aware, in the traditions of old families, but entirely independent of the *Heralds' College*.

Perhaps we should not insist on this initial error were we compelled to speak unfavourably of the book itself, which, we are happy to acknow-

ledge, we have found excellent reading. Tested by the requirements of the circulating library, it deserves recommendation as a novel which can be read from the beginning to the end without skipping or fatigue, and with an interest that never flags, although the texture of the story is slight, the incidents not over-crowded, the love-making undemonstrative, the marriages adjourned *sine die*, and the end of all things neither perfect bliss nor blank despair, but, like a sunset, inclining to tears, yet calm and hopeful. Judged by a higher standard, "My Lady" is quite removed from the crowd of novels which are flooding in upon us day by day, until we begin to fancy they must be manufactured by machinery. It is not conventional, nor sermonising, nor composed with too ostentatious a purpose. Yet the moral of the book is as clear as it is pure and true. Without disclosing the plot, we may mention that Sir Philip Umphraville, who (as it occasionally happens in real life) is married to a woman "too good for him by half," runs away with another man's wife, whom he is heartily sick of after a few months, and returns home, expecting to be received with forgiving tears, if not with a fatted calf. But "My Lady" has consulted her own self-respect and her duty to her daughters during his guilty absence, and has withdrawn from the house which the father of her children had forsaken. The feelings of the deserted wife and mother, her situation at home and in society, and the painful difficulties to which a separation of the kind (after more than twenty years' union) inevitably leads, are depicted with a quiet force which has all the poignancy of a real experience. The sons and daughters are growing up beside their mother; the eldest son is headstrong and passionate, the second serious and determined: in both the natural love and respect for a father are turned to bitterness and contempt. Of the two daughters one is still a child, but the other is ripening into womanhood, and, as the story proceeds, we see all the current of this pure girl's life turned astray by one of the many indirect results of her father's sin and her mother's cruel wrong. The subsidiary characters in the story are clever sketches of what the authoress would call "typical" people. Old Lady Curtis, the narrow-minded but not unkindly mother-in-law, who makes the rent wider by an attempt at reconciliation; Aunt Margaret, the active and strong-minded woman-of-business; John Anthony, the raw-boned and resolute Northumbrian; Minnie, the somewhat spiteful and mischievous niece of the Rector, are carefully executed sketches, and betray considerable humour and observation. The episcopal description of the "school-feast and the Rector of Broadmead's demonstration against the sole Dissenter in his parish," is managed with a skill which always knows where to stop, and never falls into caricature. But the more serious and moving chapters are those in which the genuine power of the writer is manifested. The style is singularly careful and modest—a grateful contrast to the style of ordinary novels. There are no declamatory tirades of fine writing, scarcely any sentimental digressions, but the story pursues its way like actual human life, taking up its burden of troubles as it goes, and hastening on from consequence to consequence. The workmanship and the art employed in the selection of incidents as much as in their grouping, and in the discretion with which, in pathetic situations, the pathos is rather suggested than expressed. "My Lady" will bear a closer criticism than any work of fiction we have met with for some time past, and deserves to be a favourite with the uncritical multitude of novel-readers. The subject and structure of the story are well chosen and well planned, the conversations are natural, and the characters are neither hackneyed nor untrue.

Gordon of Duncairn. A Novel. Two Vols. (Bentley.)

"Gordon of Duncairn," is a novel with a very strong moral purpose—and a very bad one. While seeking to be religious and high-toned, it is a dedication of thoroughly conventional ideas of

duty, and sets up for its highest standard of conduct a violation of some of the best of our natural emotions. Archie Grame, a young Scotch gentleman of good principles, good faculties, and good fortune, falls in love with a girl with whom he has been brought up, but who is not in fact related to him. She is represented as a model of every excellence, and is as deeply attached to him as he is to her. Yet, because she is an obscure foundling, and because Archie's mother, from purely worldly reasons, wishes her son to marry some lady of wealth and position, she refuses to listen to her lover's suit—will not even tell him why she thus acts—but leads him to suppose that she has no more than a sister's affection for him. She sees him broken-hearted with the blow; she observes him wasting, month after month, in the misery she has inflicted; she knows that he is becoming moody and desperate; her own life also is desolated by hopeless passion; yet she resolutely maintains her stubborn silence, avoids her lover whenever she can, and, when at last brought to bay, treats him with a sickening sermon about "duty," and tells him (which is not true) that she has put him to so much pain in order to show him practically the vanity of human wishes and the necessity for bending his thoughts towards Heaven. That is to say, she tramples on a true affection, and one shared by herself, for the sake of abetting a worldly-minded motive, and, in her poor finite theorising about "duty," violates the most holy instincts. To state such a rule of conduct in plain language is in itself sufficient to show its wretched perversity. But, as "Gordon of Duncarn" is abundantly seasoned with so-called "religious" writing, and abounds in the language of the conventicle, strangely alternating with that of the fashionable world, and as the hollow-heartedness of the moral is concealed by a vast show of self-sacrifice, it is not unlikely that a great many readers will be deceived. It is wonderful how, in the gravest questions of right and wrong, most people can be misled by external pretences, from which they could easily divest the truth, if the truth were what they sought. You have nothing to do but to wrap any hard nutmeg of a doctrine in the pungent, aromatic mace of Spurgeonite phraseology, and society will take the hardness to its heart as if it were a thing of flesh-and-blood.

At one time, touched with a brief "visiting of remorse," the pious Minnie thinks she will write to Archie, and tell him of her affection; but the little well-spring of tenderness is soon iced-over again. "What was she about to do? Where was the firmness which had enabled her to put the temptation aside? Where was the principle which led her to make the sacrifice? . . . Had she indeed put away their earthly happiness in mere pique, and was she now going to renounce all for the sake of a few years of the uncertain happiness of this world?" So thinking the virtuous Minnie goes to church, and is not again troubled with a similar weakness.

In the course of the story, however, it comes out that Minnie the orphan is the long-lost sister of the millionaire, Sir Leslie Grey Gordon, Bart., of Duncarn, &c.; and, that fact being clearly established, marriage with poor disconsolate Archie becomes no longer inconsistent with piety. So the lovers are blest, and the missionary societies no doubt receive a large addition to their revenue. In the meanwhile, Sir Leslie has had his trials, and has been converted to the Pardiggle faction by the grace of the same. He has been "hooked" by an adventuress—one Miss Osborne, an Amazonian horsewoman and devotee of fashion, who does not care a straw for him; but who adores his title and his wealth. He, on the other hand, heartily dislikes her; but is entangled, and feels himself bound in honour to make her the lady of Duncarn. However, he had previously given away his heart to the gay, simple, and wayward Lily Grame, sister of Archie, and foster-sister of Minnie. Miss Osborne makes mischief between them (this is before the proposal to herself); manages to induce Sir Leslie to believe that Lily is a heartless coquette; and so gains the day. The traduced girl becomes dangerously ill, and, on re-

covering, rivals her foster-sister in her powers of extempore preaching on any and every occasion. The rich baronet becomes a sort of amiable Timon, misanthropical, but much given to improving the physical and moral condition of his poor tenants; and marrying the Amazon of Rotten Row, is by her led a very distasteful life. But in time the lady dies (highly penitent, of course), to the great satisfaction of all parties; Sir Leslie, after a decent interval, marries Lily; virtue is rewarded, and the tale ends with a tableau of domestic happiness.

Of the moral of this narrative, we have already spoken; of the narrative itself, we can only say that it is a recombination of the stock circulating-library incidents; of the writing, we can speak in no higher terms. The fact of there being two heroes and two heroines, whose sorrows are much of the same kind, is a defect in art; and the developments of character are neither strongly defined nor healthy. The two heroines are always either sermonising or going into spasms of anguish. Not even the Emilies and Ellenas of Mrs. Radcliffe surpass Minnie and Lily in their tear-producing power. The comic or conversational parts of the story are like the dialogues in second-rate comedies of fashionable life. Banquets and pleasure parties in grand country houses are described with wearisome frequency, and are not relieved by any picturesqueness of fancy, or lively sallies of wit. There is a little too much of the slang of high circles, and a general want of action and movement. Added to these radical errors is the additional blemish of incorrect and clumsy writing, such as "dependence towards" a thing, and the extraordinary phrase, "gathering together the fibres of her heart." It is painful to be obliged utterly to condemn the labour of months; but we cannot recommend "Gordon of Duncarn" on any ground whatever.

The Secret of a Life. By M. M. Bell, Author of "Deeds, not Words," "Eda Morton," &c. (Routledge & Co.)

Recollections of a Maiden Aunt. (Saunders & Otley.)

THE first of these stories (an original work, forming one of Messrs. Routledge's Two Shilling Series) is a tale of disappointed love, of romantic attachments, of mingled sentimentalism and drawing-room prattle, reminding us of the novels which were "the rage" some thirty years ago, when the late Mr. Colburn was the king of the circulating library. The heroine is the same charming, romantic, self-sacrificing, religious, over-sensitive being, a little damp with tears, but highly desirable as a partner at a ball; the hero is one of that numerous band of interesting young military officers with picturesque names (if the expression may be allowed), surprising accomplishments of mind and body, every virtue under the sun, and yet some unfortunate failing, which ruins all. In this particular instance, the failing of the fascinating, melancholy-eyed, poetic-natured hero, Reginald Stanhope, senior lieutenant of H.M.'s 20th Dragoons, is a want of self-control which has led him into an engagement with a lady for whom he has no strong affection. After this engagement he meets with an old childish playmate of his, Ellen Egerton; and the brotherly and sisterly feeling with which at first they regard one another soon changes (as in novels it always does and always will do) into a more tender affection. But the other lady cannot be deserted; so Reginald marries her, and almost breaks the heart of Ellen. However, he quite breaks his own; for, after separation from his wife, he becomes a clergyman of great piety and eloquence, and dies early, worn out by grief and remorse, but forgiven by Ellen, who has become a fast friend of the wife. Such is the chief course of the story; but there are a good many undercurrents. Multitudes of characters crowd the page, though they do not add much vitality to the narrative, for they possess so little individual truth, that we find the utmost difficulty in distinguishing one from another in the hustle of names. The authoress (a female hand is visible

in every line) appears also to be smitten with a love of genealogies, and seems to have studied the spirit of Burke's "Peerage" to rather more purpose than is desirable in a novelist. At page 32, we found ourselves in a hopeless tangle of family connections, and suffered our minds to drift with the waves. The commencement of the work, indeed, is singularly unfortunate. There is nothing approaching an incident till p. 52 (each page, by the way, contains at least double as much as a page of the old three-volume novel); and then the incident is nothing more than the well-worn circumstance of the heroine being thrown from her horse, and recovered from a fainting fit by the attentions of the gentleman she admires. All up to that point is talk, talk, talk, and that of the vaguest and poorest kind. Nor does the story ever move briskly. It droops with the languor of a lachrymose sentimentalism, and of a weak, obvious morality. The characters are insufferable bores, much given to weeping and to making quotations from the poets—a practice which the authoress herself follows. Reginald Stanhope distils passages from L. E. L. in a ball-room. A young lady of four-and-twenty speaks mournfully of a time when she "was young, and hopeful, and happy." And so we go round this pale circle of blighted beings. The novel will possess attractions for a large number of young ladies, fresh from boarding school, but it is not likely to be received with favour in any less romantic circle. If the authoress would abandon the besetting insincerities of ordinary novel-writing, and endeavour to describe with simple earnestness the emotions of her own nature, her industry might in future achieve a better result. At present, we can only recognise in her a knowledge of "society," as distinguished from a knowledge of character or of the human heart.

We cannot speak more highly of the "Recollections of a Maiden Aunt." The story professes to give the life experiences of an old lady who has gone through a good deal of sorrow, but whose age is blest with the sunshine of a cheerful serenity. The writer in this case also is evidently one of the gentler sex, and the book, after having given pleasure to the family circle in manuscript, is now printed at the solicitation of a sister more affectionate than judicious. The style is poor, and not always grammatically correct; the narrative a mere string of uninteresting reminiscences; and the whole work so destitute of any features for criticism that we can only express our regret that the authoress was advised to give her production to the public.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Sabbaths of the Lord, being Sabbath Meditations on the Pentateuch and Haphtorahs. By M. H. Bresslau, Professor of Hebrew. (Printed for the Author, 18, Mansell Street, Goodman's Fields.) We cannot but respect the motive which has prompted a devout and learned Hebrew to publish this work. "The want of domestic Sabbath reading," he says, "such as is calculated to instruct and to edify, has been long and strongly felt in the Jewish community." And he adds—

"In the house of divine worship, the law of God is read in the original and sacred tongue, according to ancient custom; but many, alas, are not conversant with the Hebrew language. It is recited, but not propounded. In some synagogues pulpit instruction is exceedingly scarce, whilst, in others, the pulpit is entirely mute; not to mention that circumstances may occasionally preclude attendance at the house of God. But even the regular attendant feels anxious to devote some part of the sacred day to earnest reflection; and after six days of worldly labour and anxiety, longs for the Day of Rest, when he may in calmness and repose think of higher, nobler, and more lasting objects,—he also stands in need of such occupation during the remainder of the day as will tend to his mental refreshment, and consecrate it a 'Day of the Lord.'"

Effectually to meet this laudable demand, Mr. Bresslau has published these Meditations on the portions of the Pentateuch recited on each Sabbath, as well as on the Haphtorahs, or prophetic lessons bearing on those portions of the Pentateuch. We have no doubt that this book supplies a religious want among the Jews, and that

its publication implies a growing increase of spirituality among the community analogous, in some degree, to that which we see increasing among most of the Christian sects. Indeed, there are passages in the work which abundantly confirm the opinion which is entertained in many quarters, that a great religious revival is making silent but sure progress among the Hebrews. Each "Meditation" is concluded with a short but comprehensive prayer, embodying the principal points of the lessons taught by Moses and the Prophets. These prayers express the noblest aspirations in the sublime language. But Mr. Bresslau—and here, perhaps, some of his Christian readers will differ with him—while making the lessons of Moses and the Prophets the basis of his Meditations, has not hesitated to take rather numerous excursions into the wide domain of Jewish traditional literature. He has inserted many of the parables and allegories of the Midrashin, and a few Talmudical legends also appear in the text. Whatever impressions this circumstance may create among Christian readers, it is certain that the whole are subordinated to the grand purpose of illustrating the Divine Word; and the result is that the fear and reverence of God are inculcated upon the Jewish community as they were of old by Moses and the Prophets.

The Poetical Works of the late Richard Furness. By G. Calvert Holland, M.D. (Partridge & Co.) These are the works of a Derbyshire poet who acquired a wide local fame, but less than his genius deserved. He belonged to the same district of country which produced James Montgomery, Miss Seward, and Ebenezer Elliott. The Rag-bag, a quaint poem in three cantos, contains passages which cannot fail to remind the reader of Crabbe, while some resemble the compositions of the authors we have just named. The principal defect in them is their strictly local application. Had Richard Furness, who possessed all the requisites, launched into more general subjects, there is little doubt his brilliant imagination and vigorous expression would have secured for his works a national audience. As it is, we fear that with a few exceptions they must remain in an obscurity which they certainly do not deserve. For five-and-thirty years he was a schoolmaster at Dore, a small straggling village five miles from Sheffield, bordering on the high moors. Here his occupations were indeed various, and in constant requisition. He has himself described them:

"I, Richard Furness, schoolmaster, Dore,
Keep parish books and pay the poor;
Draw plans for buildings, and indite
Letters for those who cannot write;
Make wills, and recommend a proctor,
Cure wounds, let blood with any doctor;
Draw teeth, sing psalms, the haughty play
At chapel on each holy-day;
Paint signboards, cart names at command,
Survey and plot estates of land;
Collect at Easter one in ten—
And on the Sunday say Amen!"

Furness, from this account of himself, was the type of a class now gradually disappearing before the advancing progress of education; but these lines epitomise his character as described by his admiring biographer. He was respected wherever that character was known, and it is satisfactory to find that his indefatigable industry enabled him to accumulate a competence which cheered his latter days.

The Struggles of a Village Lad. (William Tweedie.) "There is nothing like Trying." Such is the motto; and as may be expected, all ends well. The "Village Lad," from almost the humblest station in life, struggled onwards from one point to another, until he became the rector of his native parish. His success was the result of integrity and uprightness, and these are the lessons inculcated throughout a very lively and pleasing narrative.

Self-Formation. By Edwin Paxton Hood. Third Edition. (Judd & Glass.) In twelve chapters addressed to "Young Thinkers," Mr. Hood teaches youth how to form their characters in such a way as to secure the respect of their fellow beings while they are in the flesh, and to lay up treasures hereafter when the mortal coil

shall be shuffled off. His lessons are earnest, and his instructions profitable. They are conveyed in familiar style, with illustrations drawn in most cases from living examples. The fact of the book having attained a third edition adds another to the many confirmations of the statement made by Lord Brougham at Liverpool last week, that there is an extensive demand for healthy literature. Having gone through the work with care, we can only say that its perusal was refreshing, and that we are quite sure it eminently deserves the wide popularity it seems to have attained.

Homer's Iliad, according to the Ordinary Text. Books 4, 5, and 6. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. A new edition, by Benjamin Davies, LL.D. (W. Tegg & Co.) Dr. Anthon's classical labours have long had an established value both in this country and in America, and they still commend themselves to those who are engaged in education by the assistance they afford in the acquisition of sound learning. While easing the path of the student by enabling him to overcome temporary obstacles, they abundantly exercise his reasoning faculties, so that he is enabled to appreciate the importance of every step that he advances. The present edition of the "Iliad" reflects much credit upon the care with which Dr. Davies has revised it, particularly the Notes and the Glossary.

Bell Martin. An American Story of Real Life. By T. S. Arthur. (Hodson & Son.) We are prepared, from our knowledge of some phases of American life, to believe that the main incidents of this story are founded on real occurrences. But in aiming at dramatic effect the writer exaggerates, and his exaggerations produce pain and repulsion. We can therefore only give a qualified approval of the work. There is, however, a numerous class of readers who take delight in strong situations, in violent catastrophes, and in the dark side of human nature. To such "Bell Martin" will be acceptable.

Youthful Echoes. By A. S. W. (Wertheim & Co.) From a modest dedication to his employer we learn that the young author of these "Echoes" has been occupied at a city desk for eight years; and we further learn, from an incidental note, that Mr. Alderman Copeland was the means of placing him in Christ's Hospital. The sentiments which he imbibed in that institution are now bearing fruit; and though in a subordinate position, he appears to be contented in it, beguiling his leisure hours by cultivating the Muses. Like many others he finds literature a relief and an enjoyment after the agitation and excitement of the sale-room. We can only add that in most of his compositions there is a graceful ease, combined with natural vivacity and a high moral tone.

The following have been received: "The Cultivation of Cotton in Texas," a lecture delivered at Manchester by J. de Cordova, published by King & Co., Queen Street; "Clerical Oaths and their Equivalents, a hindrance to Unity," by the Rev. Robert Matthew Milne, published by Partridge & Co.; "Government in its relations with Education and Christianity in India," by the Rev. G. P. Badger, Chaplain in the Diocese of Bombay, published by Smith, Elder & Co.; "The Ancient and Modern Races of Oxen in Ireland," by W. R. Wilde, of the Royal Irish Academy, extracted from the proceedings of that Body; "A Report on the Sanitary Condition of the Army, particularly during the late War with Russia." By a Non-Commissioner; "Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, No. 32." C. & E. Layton; "Literature and the Literary Character." A lecture delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sheffield, by the Rev. A. Gatty, published by Bell & Daldy.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agnes Brown. By the Author of "Tales of Kirkbeck." 16mo. 1s. 6d.
Budge (G. P.), Government in Relation to Education and Christianity in India, 8vo. 1s.
Baron Munchausen's Travels and Adventures in Russia, 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Bosnie and Jessie's First Book, new ed. royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
Blair's Grave, Illustrated, 4to. 7s. 6d.
Bodichon (Dr.), Algiers as a Winter Residence for the English, 12mo. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
Brannon (J.), Illustrations of Geologic Scenery of Purbeck, 1s.
Brannon (J.), Guide to Poole and Bournemouth, 1s. 6d.
Buckland (Dr.), Geology and Mineralogy, new ed. 2 Vols. 8vo. 21s.

- Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts, Euripides, by Paley, Vol. 1, 18mo. 3s. 6d.
Cameron (A.), Book for Sunday Reading, 12mo. 1s.
Children's Picture Book of English History, 16mo. plain 5s.; coloured, 9s.
Chickadee, a Tale, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Christmas Tree for 1859, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Collingwood (C.), Nature and Tendency of Botanical Study, 8vo. 1s.
Comforter (The), by the Author of "God is Love," 12mo. 3s.
Coxe (H. C.), Two Sermons on Cathedral Worship, 8vo. 1s.
Davis (J. K.), Illustrations of Difficult Parturition, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
De Burgh (E. M.), Voice of many Waters, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Ecclesiastical Affairs in Scotland, 8vo. 1s.
Edinburgh University Calendar, 1858-9, 12mo. 1s.
Farrar (F. W.), Eric; or, Little by Little, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Favorite English Poems of the two last Centuries, royal 8vo. 21s.
Fellow Travellers, or the Experience of Life, 3 Vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Fifty-two Sunday Readings, new ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Gatty (Mrs.), Parables from Nature, 1st series, 6th ed. 16mo. 1s. 6d.
Graham (G. L.), English Synonyms, 6th ed. 12mo. 5s.
Grinnod's Racines, 8vo. 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
Gubbins (M.), Multitudes in Oath, 3rd ed. 8vo. 15s.
Gulliver's Travels to Lilliput, with Life of Swift, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SCIENCE is daily adding to its victories. The latest instance, however, does not exactly represent a conquest over vulgar matter, or over ordinary nature, but over something which is frequently found much more difficult to subdue. It is over the British Government in one of its most obstinate departments. The Treasury has been stormed and taken. It will be remembered (LITERARY GAZETTE, page 347) that the Government, from economical considerations, directed the Registrar-General to discontinue the gratuitous issue of his Quarterly Reports to the gentlemen who contributed observations on Meteorology; and that, thereupon, the observers, about fifty in number, in appealing against this decision intimated pretty plainly that as there was reciprocity in the case, if the reports were withdrawn, they would discontinue transmitting the observations. The Government for a considerable time maintained a firm front. Major Graham admitted that the loss of the observations would be a national loss, but he dryly hinted that the observers were somewhat shabby in asking to be relieved "from this outlay of which they complain"—1s. 4d. spread over a whole twelvemonth. The contest was still raging, and the observers would infallibly have entailed upon the nation the loss deprecated by the

Registrar-General, when somewhat unexpectedly the following late and not over-graceful submission was received :

General Register Office, Somerset House,
Sir,
I will thank you to inform the gentlemen who contribute their observations on Meteorology to be published in my Quarterly Reports, that the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, upon reconsideration of the case, have permitted me again to have the pleasure of transmitting gratuitously to the Observers my Quarterly Reports, in which I have for several years recorded the results of their investigations.

Perhaps all the Observers may not be aware how necessary it has been for Her Majesty's Government to check the gratuitous circulation of documents printed at the expense of the public—the expense so incurred having in some late instances been prodigious.

For example, the Report and Evidence of the Commission of Inquiry into Endowed Schools in Ireland—a subject of no very peculiar interest to the inhabitants of England and Wales and Scotland—the number of copies gratuitously distributed was 2300; the weight of paper, 34 tons; the cost to the public £301l. 2s. 3d. It appears to me that some stringent measure was called for to check such an abuse. But it has also always appeared to me that an exception might have been made with respect to the trifling matter of circulating amongst the Meteorological Observers four times in each year my Reports costing only a few pence. I am happy to find that the Lords of the Treasury now entertain the same opinion.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
GEORGE GRHAM, Registrar-General.

Dr. Barker, M.D., Bedford.
And so the battle has been won, and science has achieved another triumph.

It may be convenient to some of our readers to be reminded that the National and Vernon Galleries will be reopened on Monday the 25th, and that in future the public days will be Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; the students' days being Thursdays and Fridays, instead of Fridays and Saturdays as heretofore.

We may also note that the trustees of Dulwich Gallery, following the example of the authorities at South Kensington, have set apart two days in the week (Thursday and Friday) as students' days, but on which the public are also admitted on payment of a fee of sixpence. Those who may prefer to look on pictures unelbowed by a crowd will perhaps choose those days for a visit to Dulwich, else we are sorry to see the exclusive or the fee system introduced where it did not previously exist.

On the other hand we rejoice to be able to announce that preparations are in progress for putting an end to the exclusiveness so long complained of in another Art-collection. In the British Museum is one of the noblest collections of engravings and drawings in Europe, and additions are constantly being made to it of choice and rare prints. But hitherto its treasures have only been open to inspection by those who obtain admission to the Print Room "for purposes of study," or who are known to the authorities. In the French Museum classified selections of etchings and engravings have long been periodically exhibited in glazed frames; the Raffaele drawings belonging to the University of Oxford have for years been shown under glass to the public in the Taylor Gallery; but despite of all appeals and protests the trustees of the British Museum have, up to the present time, persisted in keeping the drawings and engravings entrusted to their control—but purchased at a liberal outlay of public money—shut up from vulgar eyes in the sanctuary of the Print Room. For the last two or three years their plea for retaining the exclusive system has been want of room. That plea is now somehow got rid of. Glazed screens have been prepared, and selections of the finest prints are, as we understand, to be shown in succession. This matter cannot be in better hands than those of the present intelligent head of the department, who is known to have long desired to exhibit the treasures placed under his charge. We trust no unnecessary delay will take place in completing the arrangements.

The Sixth Annual Winter Exhibition of Cabinet Pictures and Water-Colour Drawings, the contributions of British artists, will be opened for private view this day at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall.

Mr. Geo. Scharf delivered last week at Birmingham the first of seven lectures on the Great

Luminaries of Art. Commencing with Giotto as the first of the great luminaries, the lecturer filled in the background of his picture with sketches of Cimabue and other more or less eminent contemporaries of Giotto, his predecessors and followers, described the peculiarities of early Art, and explained the principal mediums, tempera and fresco, in which the early painters chiefly worked. Mr. Scharf appears from the local journals to have succeeded in thoroughly interesting his hearers; and the lecture is described as a very excellent one—a description the accuracy of which those who have heard Mr. Scharf lecture will hardly question.

Whilst upon lectures we may announce the appearance of Dr. Mackay as a lecturer at Brighton. "We are glad," says the *Guardian*, "to see at Brighton, in his bodily shape, Charles Mackay, the lyrist, to whom we owe many of the most popular patriotic, and spirit-stirring songs of the generation to which we belong. We are glad to see him whose strain of cheering and graceful poetry has so often delighted us, who sang 'The Death of Pan,' who told us of 'The Invasion of the Norsemen,' and carried us back to the heroic age by that fine ballad, 'The Sea-King's Burial'—him from whom we have learned more deeply to reflect upon the claims of benevolence and justice, and whose one thought seems to be, to lessen the evil and increase the good."

Mr. Bentley announces a new work on the "History of British Journalism," which is to embrace the wide period between the foundation of the newspaper press in England and the repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855. Sketches are also promised of press celebrities. The materials for such a work are ample; and if they are adequately dealt with, as we doubt not they will be by Mr. Andrews, the result cannot fail to be a welcome addition to literary history.

A beautiful marble sarcophagus, from Sidon, secured for the British Museum, is announced to be on board the steam gunboat *Wanderer*, which has either arrived, or is shortly expected to arrive, at Woolwich.

OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

KING JAMES 1st had been but a few weeks on the English throne when Sir Walter Raleigh began to feel the vicissitudes of fortune, and to anticipate what treatment he might expect from Queen Elizabeth's successor. Sir Robert Cecil had already taken care to justify himself for all past events in which he had borne a part displeasing to King James. Supported by the powerful interest of Sir George Hume, afterwards Earl of Dunbar, whose influence over the King was considerable, James was induced to pardon in Cecil whatever participation he had in the death of the Earl of Essex, a crime which, as touching Raleigh, he never forgave.

No sooner was Raleigh arrested on a charge of treason, than he experienced the weight of his Sovereign's displeasure; his appointments, one by one, were stripped from him; his estates and property were confiscated; and the offices and favours bestowed upon him by the late Queen were taken from him, and given to others.

On the 13th of July, 1603, a few days after his commitment, the King conferred upon Sir John Peyton, Lieutenant of the Tower, the office of Captain of Jersey, "forfeited by the grievous treason intended against us;" and appointed Sir George Harvey to the charge of the Tower. King James's letter to Sir John Peyton is as follows :

King James 1st. to Sir John Peyton.

30 July, 1603.

Trusty and Welbeloved, &c.—Forasmuch as we have thought good to ease you of that charge w^{ch} you have of Lieut. of our Tower, wherein you have behaved y^r self wth great care and fidelitie both to the Queene or syster deceased and to us. We have appointed some of o^r Council to receive the same at y^r handes and to deliver it over to o^r trusty and welbeloved S^r George Harvey Knight, whose service we meane to use therein. And for that thorough the grievous treason intended against us by S^r Walter Raleigh Knight and others, he hath forfeited to us

his office of Captain of o^r Isle of Jersey, w^{ch} being a place of importance requireth to be speedily supplied wth a meet person to looke to the Government thereof. We have made choice of you to supply that place, and therefore doe require you ymmediately after the deliveruy of y^r charge of the Tower to put y^r self in order to goe thither wth all convenient speed.

On 11th August a grant passed to Sir John Peyton of the command of the Isle of Jersey on surrender by Sir Walter Raleigh.

It will be remembered that it was about this time Raleigh is said to have made an attempt to stab himself while in the Tower. Whatever may have been the reasons which led him to do so, it is certain that he inflicted a wound upon himself. The evidence is too conclusive to admit of a doubt upon this point; but whether, neglected and forsaken by his friends, he did so in a fit of despair at his sudden reverses of fortune, we cannot affirm; our papers are silent in that respect; Sir John Peyton only informs us, in a letter to Cecil of the 30th of July, 1603, that "S^r Walter Raleigh his hurte wylbe (wthin these two dayes) perfectly whole."

As his trial drew near, efforts were made to collect proofs of charges brought against him. On the 3rd of August, Sir William Waad, who became Lieutenant of the Tower in September, 1605, and seems to have acted as Deputy at this period, sends to Cecil the declaration of Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Grey: "Sir Walter Raleigh was ordinarily thrise a weeke wth the Lord Cobham; what these conferences were none but themselves doe knowe." Lord Cobham was also examined again and again: on the 13th of August, with reference to his advising Lord Grey to marry Lady Arabella Stuart, and to his dealings with Raleigh, Count Aremberg, La Fontaine, Watson, Markham, &c. We have subjoined those of his answers which particularly relate to Raleigh:

Being asked what wordes S^r Walter Rawley used unto him, upon the apprehencion of Copeley, to w^{ch} he answereth, that S^r Walter Rawley wrote unto him, from the Court, of the Creacon of Barrons, and of the apprehencion of Copeley by the sheriff of Sussex, but to his remembrance never spake those wordes to him, w^{ch} as is affirmed unto him S^r Walter Raleigh dothe confesse he spake.

Being asked whether he did not acquaint S^r [Walter Raleigh] wth his purpose, to deale wth the Counte of A [remberg, as to the] monie to be bestowed for the furthering of the p[ea]ce? * * * he saith, he told S^r Walter, if the Counte of [Aremberg] did come, he would deale with him, for monie to be * * * the procuring the pence, and this was spoken by way of dis * * *

Being asked whether, after the coming over hether of the Counte of Aremberg, he hathe not made offer to S^r Walter Rawley of a some of monie to further the pence; to w^{ch} his L. answered, that sithence the coming of Aremberg he did make offer to S^r Walter Rawley of a some of monie to further the pence, and the somme was £2000, w^{ch} should be of the monie he should receive from the Counte of Aremberg.

Being asked whether he hathe had speech wth anie of the frenche instrumentes for monie, he answereth noe, but saith that La: Fontaine, discoursing wth this examineant of the discontentmentes of the state, being sorry for it, and hoping it would not continue longe, he did perswade my Lo: bothe at that time and other times to goe to the Court; all this he delivering to S^r Walter Rawley, thereupon S^r W. Rawley told him that he had bin wth the Marques Rhony and commended him to be a very wise man, whereunto this examineant said, yet he was a Frencheman, and would be glad to cathe at anie thing.

Being demanded whether he did not tell a freinde of his that S^r Walter Rawley would betray him, he answereth he ment himself by the word freinde; and to the second question to whome he said S^r Walter Rawley would deliver or send him to the Kinge if he had come into Jersey, he saith he used those wordes to his brother as he thinketh.

His L. further dothe declare, that being lodged in the lodgings of the Lieutenant, he sawe yong S^r John Peyton talking wth S^r Walter Rawley out of his windowe, and thereupon, when the s^r S^r John came to visit him two or three howers after he told him, I sawe y^r wth S^r Walter Rawleigh, God forgive him, he hathe accused mee, but I

cannot accuse him, then Sir John answered he dothe say the like of yo^r that yo^r have accused him, but he cannot accuse yo^r. Being demanded whether he did not acquaint Sir Walter Rawleigh wth the discontents of the L. Gray, he answereth that he spake to him of his L. discontentment but not out of anie practise.

Vera Copia, Ex^{ra}.
W. WAAD.

On the 23rd, William Watson is examined as to his expressions of the "Bye and the Main." He says:

"The Bye referred to his plot, the Main to that of Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh, which was to destroy the King and all his cubs."

On the following day Sir William Wade writes to Cecil from the Tower:

By my L. Henry Howard I was bold to trouble y^r L. wth the short collections of these last labors, w^{ch} have gretly intangled Sir Walter Rawley or rather disclosed him out of his covert, and also discovered that depthe of malice in my L. Cobham's purposes as to me seeme verry strange.

Again, on the 27th, writing from Hampstead, he says:

Keymis, servant to Sir Walter Raleigh, sent this declaration [unfortunately missing] ready written of his own hand to Mr. Lieutenant my self being then wth him at the Tower, after my L. Henry Howard was gon from thence, wherby your L. may perceave, how after so obstinate a resolution of sylence, he beginnethe at the lengthe to speak, and I doubt not having now opened the hatches of his closet, he will lesse reserved and more willing to utter that is behind.

Wade adds [on 2nd Sept.]:

Keymis confeseth now as much as by any other is avouched, but as y^r L. may perceave, indovorethe styll to transfer all from his M^r unto him self.

A melancholy interest is attached to the history of Captain Lawrence Keymis, the servant of Raleigh, above alluded to. He had been an officer under Sir Walter in his voyage to Guiana, and he subsequently commanded a separate expedition to the same quarter of the world. Raleigh also intrusted a considerable command to him in his last unfortunate voyage in 1617. On that occasion Captain Keymis was directed to explore the country, and to sail up the Orinoco towards the Mine from which Sir Walter had undertaken to enrich King James; but he failed in the expedition, and was compelled to retreat, after an obstinate encounter, in which the son of Sir Walter Raleigh unhappily lost his life. On hearing the result, Raleigh informed Keymis that he had undone him, and had ruined his credit with the King past recovery. Keymis wrote a letter, in defence of his conduct, which Sir Walter, however, declined to approve. This refusal had such an effect upon the Captain's mind, that he retired immediately after to his own cabin, where he put an end to his existence.

We see from the next letter that there were not wanting those, ready to give evidence against Raleigh. Of the importance of the information which Mercury Patten held unfit to communicate by letter, we have no means of judging, but the wily allusion to the informer being a follower of the late Earl of Essex, shows the weight which the writer, at all events, attached to the share Raleigh was said to have had in that nobleman's death.

Mercury Patten to Sir John Stanhope.

Westminster, this 19th of October, 1603.

Right honorable, they report here a speedie arraignment. Att Sir Walter Rawleys first entrie of trowble, hee had speeche with one Parks of the Stannerie about my Lo. Cecil. To comitt it to letter I holde it unfit. But if yo^r ho. thinke good that my Lo. Cecil bee thus far enformed, and of his Lo. Parks bee demanded, what Sir Walter said to him (no doubt) hee will trulie deliver it. This Parks is held honest, sumtimes hee followed the late Earle of Essex, by whome hee was made Muster M^r of Cornwall, wear (they saie) hee remaynes. What also, Sir Walter did utter to Parks, Parks likewise imparted to one Phillip Downes, here of long diche in Westminster, whoe searved sumtimes my Lo. Burghley, my Lo. Cecil's late father, I was bounde much to my Lo. Burghley, so was also my father. In regard therefore of that amitie betwene my Lo. Cecil and yo^r honor and my dutie to

bothe. I thoughte mete to signifie thus muche herein, wishinge yee ever all honor and health.

Yo^r honors always in that dutie,
and searvice I maye

To the right honorable
Sir John Stanhop, Knight,
Vice Chamberlayn to his Ma^{tie}
and one of his Hignes most ho. privie Counsell
give theas att Courte with speede.
MERCURY PATTEN.

We come to within a short period of his trial—perhaps one of the most remarkable in English history. Lady Raleigh's solicitude and anxiety for her husband, as the clouds gather closer and darker around him, is very apparent. Her enormous offer, equal to 25,000*l.* of the present day, to have her husband's business brought forward in the Star Chamber, is a strong proof of the great advantage she believed it would be to his case. Sir Walter appears to have attached considerable importance to the Earl of Northumberland's good offices; and his intreaties that he will not forsake him in his affections, or change his love towards him, will not be overlooked.

It was Sir Allan Percy, who says, in a letter to his "assured friend Carlton" [31st Oct.] "My Lady Rawleigh hath offered 5000*l.*, to bring her husbands business to a star chamber; but I feare it will not prove so well for hym. Rawleigh desires that my Lorde [of Northumberland] would not forsake hym in his affections [sic], but that hee would now stick to hym, for his gray horse sake [sic]." On the following day, Wade informs Cecil that, being at the Tower yesterday, "I saw Sir Walter Rawley, and found him verry greatly altered in so few dayes as I ever saw any man."

We have seen the letter that Northumberland wrote to Cecil in the previous July (*ante* p. 497). To what cause is this wonderful alteration in him to be attributed? So great was the change in him, and so rapidly had it taken place, that the circumstance was especially noted by Wade, who had the charge of him, as most astonishing. Were the influences of his impending conviction already upon him? Did he surmise that he should be neglected and forsaken by his best, his most powerful friends? Or was the vacillating and treacherous conduct of Lord Cobham preying upon his mind? We can only attribute this extraordinary alteration in Sir Walter to some fatal presentiment, some bitter disappointment. It may, perhaps, have been the refusal to bring his case to the Star Chamber, and the imminent risk which he perceived he ran,—if even it were not the certainty he felt of his speedy ruin.

But let us pass on. The prisoners were conducted to Winchester, there to take their trial. From the following letter, written by Wade to Cecil, after their arrival at Winchester Castle, we are led to infer that Raleigh was most unpopular, and that, had it not been for the guards, he had well nigh been set upon by the people, who, we are told, would have roughly treated him.

Sir William Waad to Secretary Cecyll.

From Winchester Castle, the 13th of Nov. 1603.
It may pleas y^r good L.

I thancke God we brought all our Prisonners safely hether yesternight in good tyme, and yet I protest to y^r L. it was hab or nab, whether Sir Walter Rawley should have ben brought a live thorow such multitudes of unruly people, as did exclayme against him. He that had seen it would not thincke ther had ben any sickenes in London. We tooke the best order we could in setting watches thorow all the streates both in London and in the suburbes. If one harebrain fellow amongst so great multitudes had begonn to set upon him as they were verry neer to do it, no intreaty or meanes could have prevayled, the fury and tumult of the people was so great.

At the comandement of y^r Lo.

W. G. WAAD.

To the right honorable,
my especiall good L. the L. Cecil,
Prinsepall Secretary to his Ma^{ty}.

The exact date of Raleigh's trial has been called in question. It has generally been understood to have taken place on the 17th November, but Mr. Payne Collier says that day is probably incorrect, because the 6th November was the usual day for the commencement of Michaelmas

Term, which tallies better with the date given by Camden [9th November].

The above letter from Wade, dated the 13th November, giving an account of Raleigh's arrival at Winchester, shows, however, that the trial must have taken place subsequently; and the original notes of Sir Edward Coke, for drawing up the case for the prosecution against Raleigh, Cobham, Grey, &c., dated the 15th November, prove it to have been after that date. If the following voluntary declaration and confession of Lord Cobham were made before Sir Walter's trial, which is, however, we think unlikely, although it possibly may have been, for various reasons—in such case Raleigh's trial would have taken place even after the 17th of November.

The voluntarie declaration and confession of Henry Lo. Cobham, taken this 22 of November, 1603, w^{ch} he protesteth to be true.

He confeseth that Sir Walter Raleigh comminge one eveninge from Grenewich (the Court being there since his Ma^{tie} comming into England), came to supper to this examineat at his house in the blacke friers, and shewed greate discontentment upon certeine wordes that that day, as he sayed, had passed betweene the Lord Cecil and him, and thereupon Sir Walter Raleigh moved this examineat (whom he knew to be acquainted wth Arrembergh), to deale wth Arrembergh that he should doe best to advertise and advise the King of Spaine to send an armie against England to Milford haven, considering that it was the readiest waye to prosper, and that it was a position that Sir Walter Raleigh often held, and affirmed that there was generallie a discontent in England, and that this examineat should perswade wth Arrembergh that menn that should nowe be practised wth all, might be upon occasions lost, and that the said army was the surest waye, and Sir Walter Raleigh further said that the Spanniash army might at this tyme be brought down to the Groine and Ferroll wth out suspicion considering that Arrembergh was then here and the Spanniash Ambassador dailie expected for but rather to be intended, the army to be brought into the Lowe Countries. And at that tyme Sir Walter Raleigh said that all this might be done and performed wth out any possibilitie of discoverie, and Sir Walter Raleigh said that many more had bene hanged for wordes than for dedes.

And further saith that at an other tyme after this Sir Walter Raleigh perswaded this examineat to move Counte Arrembergh (he then being come into England) for a pencon of £1500 pr. ann. to be had, in respect wherof Sir Walter Raleigh would from tyme to tyme give intelligence that any thing that the King of England should attempt against Spaine or concerning the Lowe Countries or the Indies might be prevented. And all this, this examineat confeseth was done, before this examineat brake wth Arrembergh for money in such maner and forme, as in his former confessions and declarations he hath sett downe & confessed. And confeseth that albeit this examineat dealt wth Arrembergh for money to be employed as he formerly hath confessed yet he affirmeth that he acquainted Arrembergh onlie that that money should be employed and distributed for the furtherance of the peace betweene England and Spaine, and never was acquainted that this examineat meant to employ it upon discontented persons as before he hath confessed. But saith that Arrembergh did ever speake honorably and respectfullie of the King and of this nation, and was whole devoted for the furtherance of the peace which he called his imperiall. And therefore this examineat durst not acquainte him wth his secret intention.

Suffolke.		Henry Cobham.	
H. Howard.	Ro. Cecyll.	Devonshire.	E. Wotton.
J. Stanhope.		Edw. Coke.	

The facts connected with Raleigh's trial, and that of his supposed accomplices, are matters of history. He had been warned, after his conviction, to prepare for execution; and, at the King's desire, he was visited by the Bishop of Winchester, who, it is said, found him exceedingly calm, and in a Christian frame of mind. He however strongly asserted his innocence of all the charges brought against him, except the pension "which," he said, "was once mentioned, but never proceeded in." Having in vain addressed an appeal to the King for mercy, he wrote to his wife a most touching and affecting letter, which, although in print, we cannot pass over without extracting the first few lines.

"You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead; and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows, dear Bess; let them go into the grave with me and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself," &c.

We think the following declaration of Edward Cotterell, alias Captain Sampson, contains so many particulars worthy of notice, that we cannot do better than give it verbatim from the original.

The Declaration of Edward Cotterell [alias Captain Sampson], taken the 4 of February, 1606-7.

First he confesseth that he was appointed by S^r George Harvey to attend upon S^r Walter Rawleigh, and that he went twice from the said S^r Walter to Lawrence Keymish, then prisoner in the Tower, and at one tyme carried him a powder, and at the other tyme a bottle of Canary wyne.

He confesseth that by the great intreaty and perswasion of S^r Walter Rawleigh he tooke an apple of him, to w^{ch} a life or wryting was tyed w^{ch} a thread, and did throw the same in at the wyndow into the wardrobe Tower, where the Lord Cobham was lodged, about eight of the clock in the night, and that he came againe the next night about that tyme, and took a life w^{ch} the Lord Cobham wrote, that was put under the doore of the prison, and brought the same to S^r Walter Rawleigh.

And this was not past 4 or 5 dayes before the said S^r Walter Rawleigh went to Winchester.

He further saith that he was perswaded at Winchester by one Peter Hart, a servant of S^r Walter Rawleigh, and some others, to w^{ch} draw himself and to goe to Sherburne, because he was sought for as the said Peter told him.

He also doth say that S^r Walter Rawleigh in the tyme of S^r George Harvey did speake at a wyndow in the wall of the garden, w^{ch} is now made up, w^{ch} any person that he desired to speake w^{ch} all, and that S^r Gawyn Harvey did dyne w^{ch} him, and sup^d w^{ch} the Lord Cobham, or dyne w^{ch} the one, and sup^d w^{ch} the other, ordinarily; and when the said S^r Gawyn came to keep S^r Walter Rawleigh company, this examine was willed to withdraw himself. And he also saith that many of S^r Walter Rawleighs servants had likewise access unto him, amongst w^{ch} one Owen, a waterman, brought diverse tymes beere and ale in bottles. He further saith that at Sherburne that S^r Walter Rawleigh should be set at libertie at the parliament, but in what sorte he knoweth not. He also saith that the Lady Rawleigh was twice there that Sum^{er}, and about September she did cause all the armor to be scowred, as he thinketh because it was rusty. And then she caused also two walks to be made in the garden, the furnishing whereof was a great charge unto her, and the howse to be dressed up, where before all things lay in disorder. He saith also that he knoweth some of the Knowells who dwell not farre of, and are great recusants. He saith that Captaine Keymish doth keep at Sherburne for the most part, and dwelleth upon a farme w^{ch} he hath taken of S^r Walter Rawleigh, having cheef command of the Castle there; and besides him there is one Captaine Nicholls who dwelleth in the Castle, being a man of good understanding and learning, who was a follower of Sir Walter Rawleigh, but upon the troubles of S^r Walter he was recomended by him to the Earle of Northumberland, who appointed him to be Surveyor of his works at Syon, but after the Earles troubles he came downe againe to Sherburne.

He confesseth that he called Captaine Keymish black dogge, and said he had done litle for him, but he doth not remember that he said at that tyme that he had saved Keymish his life; but he spake words in choller w^{ch} he doth not now remember. He saith that he was brought up hither by one George Morgan, a tenant of S^r Walter Rawleighs, and some part of the way in the company of one Roe, Bayliff of Sherburne; and as soone as he came to Towne, he mett w^{ch} one William Saunders, a servant of the Lady Rawleighs, w^{ch} whome and Morgan he went to the Tower hill on Thursday was a seventieth, being the day after he came to towne, to lett the Lady Rawleigh know that he was brought up about her causes, and to see what she would do for him; but he saith that Morgan and Saunders went into the howse and stayed there a quarter of an hower or thereabouts, during w^{ch} tyme he walked upon the Tower hill, and the Lady Rawleigh returned him answers that she would have nothing to do w^{ch} him, and presently upon their coming forth the Lady Rawleigh went to the Tower.

He further saith that it was the same Saunders that mett him at Fleet bridge, and came after him to the Lord Cheefe Justices, when he was carryed to be examined, and offered to speake w^{ch} him, after he was brought forth; but was forbidden by those w^{ch} had the charge of him.

He saith he hath contynued at Sherburne, where he had five shillings a week, w^{ch} hath bene payed him till now of late.

He further saith that he was commonly knowne at Sherburne by the name of Captaine Sampson. He confesseth that while he did attend upon S^r Walter Rawleigh, the doore of the pryson of the bloody Tower, where S^r Walter lay, was never shutt in the day tyme, and any of S^r George Harvey's men might come to bowle w^{ch} him, and did ordinarily.

EDWARD COTTERELL.

It will be remarked that, although more than three years had elapsed since Raleigh's trial, many circumstances relating to that event are here most particularly dwelt upon by Edward Cotterell. He was the "poor fellow" who Sir Walter said, at his trial, "he bid throw in the letter [attached to an apple] at Lord Cobham's window," by great entreaty and perswasion, Cotterell adds: who would also lead us to infer that particular pains were taken to prevent his attendance at the trial, and that it was through one of Raleigh's servants he was kept away on that occasion. He seems likewise to have had some quarrel with Captain Lawrence Keymish, whom we have before spoken of. He tells us of the unremitting zeal displayed by Lady Raleigh in her unfortunate husband's behalf. That a report was spread at Sherburne, in the summer of 1605, Sir Walter would be set at liberty; Lady Raleigh immediately hastens to the spot, and busies herself in setting all to rights against her husband's return. She does what she can to give him a happy welcome; spends a considerable sum in dressing up the house, refurnishing the garden, and causing the armour to be well scoured. All this Lady Raleigh well knew would give Sir Walter pleasure and delight.

We purpose returning to this subject in our next paper.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 20th October.

IN the way of play-going there are two systems equally comprehensible, or, as they are so fond of saying here—equally *logical*. One is, to go to a theatre for the sake of the play itself, or from an indiscriminate sort of taste for theatrical representations generally; the other is, for the sake of the particular execution of this or that opera or play, and this brings the public that indulges in it to the very topmost heights of dilettantism. Wherever a national body constituting a "society" has been more than usually refined and highly educated, it has adopted the latter mode of play-going; that is, it has gone to study the minuter details of the manner in which this or that singer or actor renders this or that passage of his part; and the more enlightened the audience, the more frequent the repetition of the same pieces. Examples are on all sides. Look at what passed at the two epochs when the French stage was at its highest—under Louis XIV. and during M^{lle}. Rachel's few years of splendour. Somewhere about ten or a dozen tragedies or comedies were the entire stock of the theatre to which the *élite* of society flocked in the days of the *Grand Roi*, and there can be no doubt that the *petits Marquis* with their red-heeled shoes—however Molière may have turned them into ridicule—were, nearly all of them, capable of correcting an actor if he chanced to fall into a wrong reading of a passage. This education of the public made the education of the actor; and to the audience, whose refinement of taste was carried to the highest possible pitch of elevation, were owing the Champmeslés and Lagranges of those days, whose successors were the Molés, Fleuryrs, and Contats, of the following generation. The same thing may be marked in England from Garrick to Edmund Kean and from Mrs. Siddons to Fanny Kemble. During the period when John Kemble and his sister were subjects of as serious pre-occupation as a political speech in either House of Parliament, and when among the audi-

tors were countless numbers who could have discussed his most famous points with the *Hamlet* of the age, how stood it with variety in the way of theatrical performances? There was no thought of variety. The execution of a few great masterpieces was the important thing. Half-a-dozen of Shakspeare's plays made the fame of all our great English actors, who may undeniably rank among the very finest in the whole world.

And if we look to music, what do we find in Italy? Why, when Italy really loved music, really listened to it, and was really determined upon having the first lyrical theatres upon the face of the globe, one opera very often went through a whole season. But how it was sung! say the old musicians who still remember the times of Grassini and Catalini, and David (the father), and Nozzari, and Crescentini. Ask them what was the lynx-like watching of the audience of the San Carlo or the Scala, in order that no note weaker than usual should escape them, that no *phrase* should be less purely given, or more indolently accented. Ask them what was the anxiety of an amateur who reached the theatre too late for this or that particular recitative or *floritura*, and how he would ask of his neighbours "How did so and so give such a passage?" or "How are his chest or his falsetto tones to-night?" Get the veterans to tell you what was the intense, all absorbing interest with which the public watched, nay, identified itself with the performance, and you will see that a love of variety and true dilettantism are two things that cannot be possibly brought to co-exist, and that we, in our present day, have, from many causes too numerous to recall, abdicated our pretensions to anything in the shape of genuine connoisseurship in the matter of lyrical or simply dramatical performances.

But why, you will perhaps say, is all this suggested to me at this particular moment? Why, by the two or three evenings that I have spent at the Italian Opera here.

If ever a naturally, constitutionally un-musical animal were created, it is the Frenchman. An anecdote of Rossini puts this in the best possible light. About six months ago, being asked by a friend of mine why he never went to any lyrical theatre, he gave, amongst other reasons, the following: "I am embarrassed," said he, "at listening to music with Frenchmen; in Italy or in Germany I am sitting quietly in the pit, and on either side of me is a man, shabbily dressed, but who *feels* the music as I do; in Paris I have on each side of me a fine gentleman, in straw-coloured gloves, who *explains* to me all I feel, but who *feels nothing*! All he says is very clever indeed, and it is often very true even, but it takes the gloss off my own impressions—if I happen to have any."

Never was anything truer. A Frenchman never *feels* music; and in this respect, as I have said to you more than once, he is decidedly inferior to us. Music, more than any other art, must be felt as well as understood. The German and Italian both feel it in two diametrically opposite ways, but *feel* it passionately and instinctively. We feel it: but of what is termed here *la haute esthétique*, of it we know nothing. A good French musician does arrive at a profound intelligence of the art, but it is more than probable that, of its finer and more immediate action on the fibres of the human frame, of the revelations it carries to the heart and brain, through the agency of those electrical conductors the nerves, he never knows anything at all. He is too complex a creature for that. Be that as it may, however, there is a phenomenon to be noted just now in the way in which music is enjoyed by the Parisian public, and in which it is presented to it, in order that it should enjoy it. If ever an audience was wholly and entirely indifferent to the niceties of the lyrical art, it is the Parisian audience, as it is now composed, at the Théâtre Ventadour. Singers may sing in or out of tune, or in or out of time; may breathe like bargemen, or scream like fishwives; it is all the same to M^{me} This, who is thinking of how she shall secure a rich husband for her daughter, or a

new cachemire for herself, or to M. That, who has lost half he possesses in a fall of the *Crédit Mobilier*, and will be obliged to persecute M. de Morny or M. Fould till he gets made a sous-prefet. These people have no care for what is going on around them. Besides, it would be easy to prove that the kind of operas now in vogue are made for the choral and orchestral masses, and not for individual execution; but, then, how is it, this being the case, that that system is kept up which is consistent only with a high degree of artistic connoisseurship? The natural thing would be that the Parisian audience, being utterly indifferent to the manner in which this or that musical work is executed, should hold to a perpetual variety of operas, to novelty in the works themselves set before it. No such thing. The subscriber is best pleased when he hears over and over the same opera, about the execution whereof he is completely indifferent: this is the phenomenon which has led me into the above reflections, and for which I can find but one rational cause,—the positive inattention with which the Parisians of both sexes regard *no matter what* work of art is set before him or her. It is all very well to work away with sledge hammers and church bells at the *Trovatore* night after night, there is so much more of metal in Verdi's music than of human flesh and blood, that by dint of noise no end of mistakes may be covered; but when you come to what *must* be sung, to what is *vocal music*, how can they sit still and listen to it? The answer is an evident one: they are neither listening to it nor sitting still. They are fidgeting about in their boxes, and are intent upon all sorts of subjects save upon what is going on upon the stage. Anything like the way in which the *Barbière*, or the *Gazza*, or the *Italiana* is performed there, it would require the representations of a country-fair in Italy to parallel. Yet the elements are not wanting. But the magnetism is not there that unites the public and the performers, and forces the latter out of themselves. I have no hesitation in saying that music has seen its best days in this country, and will see no more such. Go to the Bourse, look in at the Jockey-Club, at those yawning gentlemen who at mid-day are losing their fortunes at cards, and being bored to death thereby; pass your evening at the Gymnase or Vaudeville; and when you have done this, you shall tell me whether the race, the "cream," the "flower," whereof you have thus been studying, can have any aptitudes left wherewith to appreciate the delicate, elevating pleasures of art. No! it may seem a too sweeping judgment, but it is nevertheless true, that France has lost her right to pronounce in matters of Art, for she has lost her taste and love for the Arts altogether, and has replaced them by the rage for gambling. The one ruling passion throughout all France now is the passion for *gain by luck*. Oh! what volumes might be written upon this! And how the annals of self-degradation would be swollen, were the story written boldly and sincerely!

With a nation as with an individual it is of no small moment to see when and how the strength gives way where the physical or moral health is failing. There is but this difference between the two: that whereas an individual may profit by the symptoms of disease being pointed out to him, and end by restoring himself to health, a nation never does so. When the first sign of decay becomes visible the mischief is done, the harm is irretrievable, the malady not to be cured. When the marks of dissolution are clearly evident upon the body of a country, however small those marks may seem, they infallibly denote the downfall of that country in a shorter or longer period of time, and with a greater or less number of ups and downs: but from the first spot of gangrene, once undeniably recognised, what is to ensue cannot be doubted for an instant. Now, it is not too much to say that the gangrene spots on this nation are not few, they are numerous; whereas on the races of Saxon origin the mortal marks are nowhere. We in England can proudly scan ourselves from sole to summit, and conscientiously

say, "There's no sign of age upon us, we are young!" In the present relation of our country to the Continent, and to France especially, this should be taken into account.

But you will doubtless ask why all this prosy moral lecture, *apropos* to the bad execution of Italian operas to which nobody listens? I might reply that the plague-spot is as easy to see under a wreath of roses as under a nightcap, and that when once seen the contemplation of it rivets your attention, and leads you on to no end of considerations and reflections. But something else besides the ignoble appetites of what is termed "good society" here, and its carelessness of all refined amusements, has put me "i' th' preaching vein," and that something was a passage in Lord Brougham's speech at Liverpool. "*The inexpressible value of hard work through life in all its forms and in all stations*," is a noble sentence that I have been forced, by the glorious lesson it contains, into meditating upon ever since I read it. Those words, thank God! convey a meaning to the English mind, and we all of us, distinctly know and feel what that meaning is; but those words convey no meaning to the French mind and the Frenchman of no station seeks to apply them. "Hard work" to the Frenchman means not an honest performance of all the duties set before him, not a vigorous assumption of responsibility, not a generous expenditure of forces doubled, centupled by their very outlay, nor a proud vindication of his *right* to possess and to enjoy what he has richly earned—hardwork is not to the Frenchman the best assertion of his superiority—it is a punishment from which he strives to escape by every possibility within his reach. He prefers what he achieves by chance to what he wins by toil; and thus sets luck above desert. This is the surest root of evil, and, narrowly examined, the origin of all the immoralities that have, socially and politically, to be deplored in this country.

The real moral condition of the men who form the French nation in our day is of sufficient importance to excuse perhaps these over-minute observations; another time, however, I will, taking them as they are, seek to give your readers some more lively descriptions of what they are pleased to term their amusements, but which altogether fail to amuse them.

Some friends of mine who were amongst the *invités* at St. Cloud for the Malakoff marriage, describe the whole as the most thoroughly deadly lively affair that can possibly be imagined. It seems that the gallant bridegroom looked about as unlike a man who has *willingly* put his head into the hymeneal noose as anything that can be conceived. But, as one of the ladies present observed: "he will get used to it—*il y fera peu à peu*," and I do seriously believe you will have in London for French Ambassadors about as *aimable* and goodnatured a person as can be found.

Paris, Wednesday.

"Popular literature" having lately obtained much attention in England, it is opportune to say a few words on that of France. The success of the *Penny* and *Saturday Magazines* in England, led to the establishment of two or three similar periodicals in this city; and, though their English predecessors are dead and gone, they still exist with, I understand, a very large circulation. Their illustrations are very good, and their literary matter is both instructive and entertaining. The principal of them is *La Musée des Familles*. In imitation of the *Family Herald*, *London Journal*, and similar publications, periodicals called *Le Journal pour Tous*, *L'Omnibus*, *La Dimanche*, and so on, were also started here; and some of them, especially the first-named, have obtained a prodigious sale—from 70,000 to 100,000 copies weekly, I have heard. The price of these things is two sous a number—some are even only one sou; that is to say, less than a penny and half-penny. Up to this moment their popularity continues unabated; not a petty trader, a workman, or a *grisette*, who does not read them; and even the peasantry of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of the great towns, are not strangers to them. As regards literary merit,

they are greatly inferior to their London contemporaries. Tales of tawdry sentiment, of violence and bloodshed, historical scenes grossly exaggerated or stupidly falsified—chapters of some common-place novel by unskilled "hands," a piece or two of execrable verse, scraps of information, never useful, and of twaddle, more or less vile, cut from the newspapers, and now and then a bit of music—these are their staple contents; and the whole is adorned with woodcuts, which are not only of very indifferent quality, but do not even possess the merit of being new, having already been published in other works.

The resolutions of the recent Literary Congress at Brussels continue to excite interest in literary circles. The general impression is that the Congress was decidedly in the wrong in not proclaiming that literary property ought to be perpetual. It is urged indeed that if it were to be so, it would be in the power of any descendant of a great writer to deprive the public of his works—a religious fanatic springing from Shakspeare, for example, might think plays blasphemies and suppress his; a rabid royalist descending from Milton might hold his famous defence of the execution of Charles I. by the people of England to be iniquitous, and might accordingly place an embargo on all his works. But it is answered that that would be at most a temporary inconvenience, and that besides, measures might easily be devised for preventing it. An eminent professor, who is also a writer, in discussing the matter, has thrown out a suggestion which seems to me to conciliate what I must be allowed to think the fair right of authors—perpetual proprietorship in their works—with the interests of the public: it is that the government or the courts of law, after the death of an author, shall be able to empower anyone who pleases to publish his works, subject to the condition of paying a certain per-centage of the proceeds to his heirs.

The government has already taken measures for the compilation of the Grand Geographical, Topographical, Historical, and Statistical Dictionary of all France, of which I made some mention in a previous letter. It has settled the manner in which the work shall be done; has appointed the gentlemen who are to superintend the execution of it; and has begun to engage, both in Paris and the provinces, writers for it. Undertaking the Dictionary avowedly to carve out employment for literary men, the government expects to obtain the approbation of the whole writing fraternity. But, from what I hear, it is likely to be disappointed. In the first place, the compilation of such a book is a species of literary drudgery for which a great many writers are totally unfit, and to which a still greater number have decided repugnance; in the next, the vast majority of French authors, and especially of those who possess anything like merit, are hostile to the government, and are therefore most reluctant to receive its wages, even for honest literary labour; and in the third, there is already reason to suspect that the government will consider that every man who may consent to accept an engagement, will, to use a French expression, "give in his adhesion" to the Imperial régime. I hear, moreover, that in the provinces, the government is already employing engagements on the Dictionary as a means of rewarding the conductors of and writers in newspapers that are subservient, and of tempting those who are in opposition.

Of late years, as all the world knows, the French, and especially the Parisians, have been afflicted with the deplorable mania of gambling on the Stock Exchange. And this has given rise to a complete Bourse literature,—books that treat, *ex cathedra*, of stock-jobbing operations,—that set forth plans for always winning and never losing; that criticise modes of investment; that tell anecdotes about financiers and *agents de change*; that record the romance of the Bourse. It has given rise also to a multitude of journals which treat of nothing but Bourse affairs; and it has compelled all the daily newspapers to set apart a considerable portion of their space to the same entertaining subject. And I observe, not

without dismay, that it seems likely to make even literary and artistic periodicals more or less Boursified. The great *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for example, has long had an appendix which treats of the Bourse and its doings; and I have at this moment on my table three periodicals which profess to be devoted exclusively to literature, art, and theatres, and yet give a detailed account of the daily ups and downs of the Bourse. The last quotations of railway debentures and shares, of canals and mines, of the Portuguese Passive and the Spanish Deferred Debts! O Literature! What degradation it is to thee to be turned into such company!

A great fuss has for some time past been made in literary and theatrical circles about a new play in verse called *La Venus de Milo*, to be produced at the Odéon Theatre. The piece has been brought out in the course of the last few days, and has failed. It is "classical," and yet its plot is romantic even to puerility, and its personages, though bearing great names in classical story, are mere modern Boulevard upstarts. Though "classical" it commits the enormity of violating not only the unities but even chronology,—it actually makes Praxiteles and Phidias contemporaries and rivals. In versification likewise it is pretentious and heavy. The author is a M. d'Assas.

In Italy the manufacture of pictures by the "Old Masters" has long been a regular and very profitable branch of business. A case before one of the Paris law courts the other day shows that in this city the manufacture of antiques and curiosities of all kinds is practised on a grand scale. The young Messrs. de Rothschild, sons of the great Paris bankers, who are ardent antiquaries, actually bought about 1000*l.* worth of objects represented to be "antiques" of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but which turned out to have been made only a few months before by a skilful Paris trader. The imitations were so astonishingly perfect—being coloured, chipped, cracked, patched, and mended, exactly like real antiques—that one of the most knowing dealers in such things was deceived by them. The trouble taken in making them must have been immense, and their intrinsic value was not small.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.
—Ordinary Meeting, October 5th, 1858. Dr. J. P. JOULE, Vice-President, in the Chair. The Chairman communicated the following extract from a letter received by him from Professor W. Thomson, Honorary Member of the Society, &c., dated Valentia, September 25th. "Instead of telegraphic work, which, when it has to be done through 2400 miles of submarine wire, and when its effects are instantaneous interchange of ideas between the old and new worlds, possesses a combination of physical, and (in the original sense of the word) metaphysical interest, which I have never found in any other scientific pursuit—instead of this, to which I looked forward with so much pleasure, I have had, almost ever since I accepted a temporary charge of this Station, only the dull and heartless business of investigating the pathology of 'faults' in submerged conductors. A good deal that I have learned in this time has, I believe, a close analogy with some curious phenomena you have described, and which you partially showed me last winter, regarding intermittent effects of resistance to the passage of an electric current between two metal plates in a liquid. Thus I have been informed by Mr. France, of the Submarine and Mediterranean Companies, who has had long experience in testing and working submarine cables, that he has frequently observed, when applying constant electro-motive force to one end of a submerged cable in which there is a bad defect of insulation, that the indicating needle of his galvanometer has continued oscillating through nearly the whole range of its scale without any apparent cause. Phenomena of the same kind to a greater or less degree are, I believe, familiar to

all careful observers who have been engaged in submarine telegraphing. Another very remarkable feature of the insulation of gutta percha covered wire, is the difference in the effects of positive and negative electrifications. It is well known that a fault of insulation in an actually submerged cable causes a much greater loss of current when the wire is negatively, than when it is positively, electrified, and that if after the wire has been left to itself, or has been negatively electrified for some time, a positive electrification be applied and maintained, the insulating power (resistance to loss) gradually rises, and continues rising, minute after minute, and sometimes even sensibly for hours; as is shown by the current from the battery at one end of the cable gradually diminishing, while the current through the other end, if put to earth, gradually rises in strength. On the fourth day after the end of the cable was landed here, I found that a positive current entering from ten cells of a constant battery, fell in the course of a few minutes to half strength. When the battery was next suddenly reversed, the negative current rose, and remained after that nearly constant, at about the same degree of strength as that at which the positive current had commenced. The same kind of action is, I have learned, certainly observed in cables actually submerged, and known to have faults in the gutta percha, by which the conductor becomes exposed to the water, and this has been attributed to electrolytic action upon the water giving rise to oxidation, or to the evolution of hydrogen at the surface of the copper, according as it is positively or negatively electrified, relatively to the earth at the spot. I had observed the same difference as to insulating power for positive and negative charges, at Keyham, the cable being dry, and therefore think that the electrolytic explanation is either insufficient, or implies a very remarkable electrolytic action on gutta percha itself, or on pitch, or possibly moisture in crevasses. In some experiments on artificial faults placed in basins of sea-water, I have paid particular attention to the green and white incrustations, observed according as the current is from imperfectly protected wire to water or the reverse. The latter is very remarkable, and appears like an exudation on the bark of a tree, when the fault consists of a minute incision or aperture. In the last case there is always a fine passage or crater in the middle, by which bubbles of hydrogen escape."—A Paper by James Cockle, M.A., F.R.A.S., &c., entitled "Researches in the Higher Algebra," was read by the Rev. R. Harley, F.R.A.S. "The author, after adverting to the complexity of the results of the higher algebra, proceeds to simplify some of them. For this purpose he employs a set of canonical functions of the unreal fifth roots of unity, and a certain system of six-valued functions of the roots of an equation of the fifth degree. Availing himself of one of the trinomial forms to which Mr. Jerrard and Sir W. R. Hamilton have shown that the general quintic may be reduced, he has, by an indirect process, succeeded in obtaining the actual expression for the equation of the sixth degree to which that system leads. The resulting sextic is of a simple, and, viewed by the light of Mr. Jerrard's discoveries, of a comparatively general form. So that the paper may be considered as presenting, on the one hand, the type of a class of equations of the sixth degree, whose finite algebraic solution may be effected by means of one of the fifth, or, on the other hand, as offering a resultant of the sixth degree, the simplicity of which may remove obstacles to the discussion of its solvability. Under the latter aspect the author suggests that his final sextic may perhaps throw light upon the question of the solvability of others which occur in the theory of quintics.—In a postscript to the above paper dated September 10th, 1858, the author indicates the paths which may be pursued in ulterior investigations. He states that Mr. Harley, in some as yet unpublished labours, has verified several of the co-efficients of the equation in θ , and introduced improvements into the general theory. In a second postscript dated September 22nd, 1858, the author points out that the general solution of

a given equation of the fifth degree may be made to depend upon that of the equation in θ ."

Cosmogony; or, the Records of the Creation. By F. G. S. (Thomas Jeffs.)

THE "Vestiges of the Creation" having, as here alleged, tended to throw doubts on the veracity of the Mosaic record of the origin of the earth, the author contends most earnestly that there are no reasons why the literal meaning of the first chapter of Genesis should be changed. The conclusions he has drawn are founded on careful and extensive observations made during many years in every zone on the globe, from 40° latitude south to 60° latitude north, and to the height of 14,000 feet above the level of the sea in both the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The theory of the writer is that the lands are by a spiral superficial motion continually moving northwards; and that this motion explains those deposits which have perplexed geologists, and led them to construct systems repugnant to the Mosaic record. He calls attention to the fact that ages ago changes were observed in nature; and he lays down the principle that our first parents would be placed in a region where nature does the most and man does the least—that is near the equator. He fixes the garden of Eden there. The lands of England at the time of the creation are thus brought within the tropics; consequently, they formed the soil for the luxuriant plants of those regions, the remains of which are now found in the coal and lias foundations. The Flood took place when the south part of England, or what is now called the London Basin, was in latitude 28° 24' south; therefore, after or about the period of the deposition of the chalk which encloses tropical remains. And so on, by the theory of a northerly motion, the character of the deposits found, wherever geology has hitherto extended its investigations, is explained in a manner consistent with the records of Scripture. The theory itself is not new; but it seems to us, F. G. S. has rather imperfectly developed it. But his facts are striking; and we will not venture to condemn a doctrine merely because there may be one or two points in which the induction is logically weak. So far, as one of the latest, and certainly one of the most unpretentious writers upon this great theme, F. G. S. has certainly demonstrated some remarkable facts. The work, therefore, deserves attention, not merely from its moral aim, which is one that must be commended of all, but from its scientific character, imperfect as it may be and is; because it opens to the popular mind new views of the wonders of creation, and in some respects new fields for philosophical investigation.

FINE ARTS.

MR. RUSKIN ON EDUCATION IN ART.

A PAPER on Education in Art by Mr. Ruskin was read at Liverpool last week as part of the proceedings of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Although we differ very widely from some of the author's opinions, reject many of his "most deliberate" dogmas, and altogether dissent from his main suggestion, that "it is very desirable that some standard of Art should be fixed for all our schools,"—believing that such "an authoritative recommendation of some method of study to the public" neither would be nor ought to be accepted, even though it were that most improbable of all unlikely things, "a method determined upon by the concurrence of some of our best painters, and avowedly sanctioned by them"—we reprint the paper here because we regard it as a timely one, and likely to do good service in helping to keep the subject of Art-education before the public mind. Mr. Ruskin always writes forcibly, and so as to secure the public attention; and his earnest labours in imparting Art-instruction to classes of working-men, and the experience he has thus acquired, give him a certain title to speak with authority on this particular subject. We

therefore enter our protest: but let him and our readers have the full benefit of his discourse.

"I will not attempt in this paper to enter into any general consideration of the possible influence of art on the masses of the people. The inquiry is one of great complexity, involved with that into the uses and dangers of luxury. Nor have we as yet data enough to justify us in conjecturing how far the practice of art may be compatible with rude or mechanical employments. But the question, however difficult, lies in the same light as that of the uses of reading or writing, for drawing, so far as it is possible to the multitude, is mainly to be considered as a means of obtaining and communicating knowledge. He who can accurately represent the form of an object and match its colour, has unquestionably a power of notation and description greater in most instances than that of words; and this science of notation ought to be simply regarded as that which is concerned with the record of form, just as arithmetic is concerned with the record of number. Of course abuses and dangers attend the acquirement of every power. We have all of us probably known persons who, without being able to read or write, discharged the important duties of life wisely and faithfully; as we have also without doubt known others able to read and write whose reading did little good to themselves, and whose writing little to any one else. But we do not therefore doubt the expediency of acquiring those arts, neither ought we to doubt the expediency of acquiring the art of drawing, if we admit that it may indeed become practically useful.

"Nor should we long hesitate in admitting this if we were not in the habit of considering instruction in the arts chiefly as a means of promoting what we call 'taste' or dilettantism, and other habits of mind which in their more modern developments in Europe have certainly not been advantageous to nations, or indicative of worthiness in them. Nevertheless, true taste, or the instantaneous preference of the noble thing to the ignoble, is a necessary accompaniment of high worthiness in nations or men; only it is not to be acquired by seeking it as our chief object, since the first question, alike for man and for multitude, is not at all what they are to like but what they are to do; and fortunately so, since true taste, so far as it depends on original instinct, is not equally communicable to all men; and, so far as it depends on extended comparison, is unattainable by men employed in narrow fields of life. We shall not succeed in making a peasant's opinion good evidence on the merits of Elgin and Lycian marbles; nor is it necessary to dictate to him in his garden the preference of gillyflower or of rose; yet I believe we may make art a means of giving him helpful and healthy pleasure, and of gaining for him serviceable knowledge.

"Thus, in our simplest codes of school instruction I hope some day to see local natural history assume a principal place, so that our peasant children may be taught the nature and uses of the herbs that grow in their meadows, and may take interest in observing and cherishing, rather than in hunting or killing, the harmless animals of their country. Supposing it determined that this local natural history should be taught, drawing ought to be used to fix the attention, and test, while it aided, the memory. 'Draw such and such a flower in outline, with its bell towards you. Draw it with its side towards you. Paint the spots upon it. Draw a duck's head—her foot. Now a robin's—a thrush's—now the spots upon the thrush's breast.' These are the kind of tasks which it seems to me should be set to the young peasant student. Surely the occupation would no more be thought contemptible which was thus subservient to knowledge and to compassion; and perhaps we should find in process of time that the Italian connexion of art with *diletto*, or delight, was both consistent with, and even mainly consequent upon, a pure Greek connection of art with *arete*, or virtue.

"It may, perhaps, be thought that the power of representing in any sufficient manner natural objects such as those above instanced would be of

too difficult acquirement to be aimed at in elementary instruction. But I have practical proof that it is not so. From workmen who had little time to spare, and that only after they were jaded by the day's labour, I have obtained, in the course of three or four months from their first taking a pencil in hand, perfectly useful, and, in many respects, admirable drawings of natural objects. It is, however, necessary, in order to secure this result, that the student's aim should be absolutely restricted to the representation of visible fact. All more varied or elevated practice must be deferred until the powers of true sight and just representation are acquired in simplicity; nor, in the case of children belonging to the lower classes, does it seem to me often advisable to aim at anything more. At all events their drawing lesson should be made as recreative as possible. Undergoing due discipline of hard labour in other directions, such children should be painlessly initiated into employments calculated for the relief of toil. It is of little consequence that they should know the principles of art, but of much that their attention should be pleasurably excited. In our higher public schools, on the contrary, drawing should be taught rightly, that is to say, with due succession and security of preliminary steps, it being here of little consequence whether the student attains great or little skill, but of much that he should perceive distinctly what degree of skill he has attained, reverence that which surpasses it, and know the principles of right in what he has been able to accomplish. It is impossible to make every boy an artist or a connoisseur, but quite possible to make him understand the meaning of art in its rudiments, and to make him modest enough to forbear expressing, in after life, judgments which he has not knowledge enough to render just.

"There is, however, at present this great difficulty in the way of such systematic teaching—that the public do not believe the principles of art are determinable, and in no wise matters of opinion. They do not believe that good drawing is good, and bad drawing bad, whatever any number of persons may think or declare to the contrary—that there is a right or best way of laying colours to produce a given effect, just as there is a right or best way of dyeing cloth of a given colour, and that Titian and Veronese are not merely accidentally admirable but eternally right.

"The public, of course, cannot be convinced of this unity and stability of principle until clear assertion of it is made to them by painters whom they respect, and the painters whom they respect are generally too modest, and sometimes too proud, to make it. I believe the chief reason for their not having yet declared at least the fundamental laws of labour as connected with art study is a kind of feeling on their part that '*cela va sans dire*.' Every great painter knows so well the necessity of hard and systematised work, in order to attain even the lower degrees of skill, that he naturally supposes, if people use no diligence in drawing, they do not care to acquire the power of it, and that the toil involved in wholesome study, being greater than the mass of the people have ever given, is also greater than they would ever be willing to give. Feeling also, as every real painter feels, that his own excellence is a gift, no less than the reward of toil, perhaps slightly disliking to confess the labour it has cost him to perfect it, and wholly despairing of doing any good by the confession, he contemptuously leaves the drawing-master to do the best he can in his twelve lessons, and with courteous unkindness permits the young women of England to remain under the impression that they can learn to draw with less pains than they can learn to dance. I have had practical experience enough, however, to convince me that this treatment of the amateur student is unjust. Young girls will work with steadiest perseverance when once they understand the need of labour, and are convinced that drawing is a kind of language which may for ordinary purposes be learned as easily as French or German, but not more easily nor on any other terms; this language also having its grammar and its pronunciation, to be conquered or acquired only

by persistence in irksome exercise—an error in a form being as entirely and simply an error as a mistake in a tense, and an ill-drawn line as reprehensible as a vulgar accent.

"And I attach great importance to the sound education of our younger females in art, thinking that in England the nursery and the drawing-room are perhaps the most influential of academies. We address ourselves in vain to the education of the artist while the demand for his work is uncertain or unintelligent; nor can art be considered as having any serious influence on a nation while gilded papers form the principal splendour of the reception room, and ill-wrought though costly trinkets the principal entertainment of the boudoir.

"It is surely, therefore, to be regretted that the Art-education of our government schools is addressed so definitely to the guidance of the artisan, and is therefore so little acknowledged hitherto by the general public, especially by its upper classes. I have not acquaintance enough with the practical working of that system to venture any expression of opinion respecting its general expediency; but it is my conviction that, so far as references are involved in it to the designing of patterns capable of being produced by machinery, such references must materially diminish its utility considered as a general system of instruction.

"We are still, therefore, driven to the same point—the need of an authoritative recommendation of some method of study to the public; a method determined upon by the concurrence of some of our best painters, and avowedly sanctioned by them, so as to leave no room for hesitation in its acceptance.

"Nor need it be thought, that because the ultimate methods of work employed by painters vary according to the particular effects proposed by each, there would be any difficulty in obtaining their collective assent to a system of elementary precept. The facts of which it is necessary that the student should be assured in his early efforts are so simple, so few, and so well known to all able draughtsmen, that, as I have just said, it would be rather doubt of the need of stating what seemed to them self-evident, than reluctance to speak authoritatively on points capable of dispute, that would stand in the way of their giving form to a code of general instruction. To take merely two instances: it will perhaps appear hardly credible that among amateur students, however far advanced in more showy accomplishments, there will not be found one in a hundred who can make an accurate drawing to scale. It is much if they can copy anything with approximate fidelity of its real size. Now, the inaccuracy of eye which prevents a student from drawing to scale is, in fact, nothing else than an entire want of appreciation of proportion, and therefore of composition. He who alters the relations of dimensions to each other in his copy shows that he does not enjoy those relations in the original—that is to say, that all appreciation of noble design (which is based on the most exquisite relations of magnitude) is impossible to him. To give him habits of mathematical accuracy in transference of the outline of complex form is therefore among the first, and even among the most important, means of educating his taste. A student who can fix with precision the cardinal points of a bird's wing, extended in any fixed position, and can then draw the curves of its individual plumes without measurable error, has advanced further towards a power of understanding the design of the great masters than he could by reading many volumes of criticism, or passing many months in undisciplined examination of works of art.

"Again, it will be found that among amateur students there is almost universal deficiency in the power of expressing the roundness of a surface. They frequently draw with considerable dexterity and vigour, but never attain the slightest sense of those modulations in form which can only be expressed by gradations in shade. They leave sharp edges to their blots of colour, sharp angles in their contour of line, and conceal from themselves their incapacity of completion by redundancy of subject.

The assurance to such persons that no object could be rightly seen or drawn until the draughtsman had acquired the power of modulating surface by gradations wrought with some pointed instrument (whether pen, pencil, or chalk) would at once prevent much vain labour, and put an end to many errors of that worst kind which not only retard the student, but blind him; which prevent him from either attaining excellence himself or understanding it in others.

"It would be easy, did time admit it, to give instances of other principles which it is equally essential that the student should know, and certain that all painters of eminence would sanction; while even those respecting which some doubt may exist in their application to consummate practice are yet perfectly determinable, so far as they are needed to guide a beginner. It may, for instance, be a question how far local colour should be treated as an element of chiaroscuro in a master's drawing of the human form. But there can be no question that it must be so treated in a boy's study of a tulip or a trout.

"A still more important point would be gained if authoritative testimony of the same kind could be given to the merit and exclusive sufficiency of any series of examples of works of art, such as could at once be put within the reach of masters of schools. For the modern student labours under heavy disadvantages in what at first sight might appear an assistance to him—namely, the number of examples of many different styles which surround him in galleries or museums. His mind is disturbed by the inconsistencies of various excellence, and by his own predilections for false beauties in second or third-rate works. He is thus prevented from observing any one example long enough to understand its merit, or following any one method long enough to obtain facility in its practice. It seems, therefore, very desirable that some standard of art should be fixed for all our schools; a standard which, it must be remembered, need not necessarily be the highest possible, provided only that it is the rightest possible. It is not to be hoped that the student should imitate works of the most exalted merit; but much to be desired that he should be guided by those which have fewest faults.

"Perhaps, therefore, the most serviceable examples which could be set before youth might be found in the studies or drawings, rather than in the pictures, of first-rate masters; and the art of photography enables us to put renderings of such studies, which for most practical purposes are as good as the originals, on the walls of every school in the kingdom. Supposing (I merely name these as examples of what I mean) the standard of manner in light-and-shade drawing fixed by Leonardo's study, No. 19, in the collection of photographs lately published from drawings in the Florence Gallery; the standard of pen-drawing with a wash fixed by Titian's sketch, No. 30, in the same collection; that of etching, fixed by Rembrandt's spotted shell; and that of point work with the pure line by Durer's crest with the cock; every effort of the pupil, whatever the instrument in his hand, would infallibly tend in a right direction, and the perception of the merits of those four works, or of any others like them, once attained thoroughly by efforts, however distant or despairing, to copy portions of them, would lead securely in due time to the appreciation of other modes of excellence.

"I cannot, of course, within the limits of this paper, proceed to any statement of the present requirements of the English operative as regards Art-education. But I do not regret this, for it seems to me very desirable that our attention should for the present be concentrated on the more immediate object of general instruction. Whatever the public demand, the artist will soon produce, and the best education which the operative can receive is the refusal of bad work and acknowledgment of good. There is no want of genius amongst us, still less of industry. The least that we do is laborious, and the worst is wonderful. But there is a want amongst us, deep and wide, of discretion in directing toil, and of delight in being led by imagination. In

past time, though the masses of the nation were less informed than they are now, they were for that very reason simpler judges and happier gazers; it must be ours to substitute the gracious sympathy of the understanding for the bright gratitude of innocence. An artist can always paint well for those who are lightly pleased or wisely displeased; but he cannot paint for those who are dull in applause and false in condemnation."

We have received another part, the third, of Mr. Dickes's colour-printed 'Studies from the Great Masters.' Its contents are, 'The School-mistress,' by Stothard, an illustration of Shenstone's poem; and 'The Christ Entombed,' (or rather 'Angels weeping over the Dead Body of Christ,') by Guercino. In the first, justice is hardly done to the colour of our excellent English painter. The print has more the appearance of a hand-coloured engraving than in previous examples. Can there possibly have been in this instance a study made of the colour from the original? We fear not. The text by the way gives no information respecting the original: even its *locale* is not told. The other "study" is much better. The foreshortened figure of the Saviour, and the sorrowful expression and attitude of the kneeling angels are very faithfully rendered. The colour and chiaroscuro have much of the depth and force of the original. Indeed the print is very far superior to any low-priced coloured copy of a painting by any old master which we have yet seen. We are glad to observe, too, that our former hint respecting the "prose illustrations" has not been neglected; but a little more care is still required. Thus this picture by Guercino is described as "a small one (three feet one inch by three feet eleven inches) in the National Gallery;" but if the writer turns to the Official Catalogue of the National Gallery, he will see that he has greatly magnified the dimensions of the "small picture" (a scarcely appropriate epithet if his admeasurement were correct), it being really only one foot two inches high by one foot five inches wide. And a further reference to the same Catalogue will perhaps satisfy him that Guercino was born in 1592 instead of 1590, and that "his most famous picture," in the Capitol at Rome, is known as the 'Santa Petronilla,' and not 'St. Peter Neri.'

Favourite English Poems of the Two Last Centuries, unabridged. Illustrated with upwards of Two Hundred Engravings on Wood, from Drawings by the most eminent Artists. (Sampson Low, Son, & Co.)

THIS is one of the books which aim to supply the place of the now almost obsolete annuals. Instead of tales and rhymes by earls and countesses, and right-honourable nobodies, with here and there, as seasoning, a sketch or scrap by some popular plebeian writer, we have a selection of four-and-twenty poems which have won their place in public favour, beginning with Milton's 'L'Allegro,' and ending with Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and instead of some five-and-twenty steel engravings from designs, good, bad, and vapid, we have some two hundred excellent woodcuts. We regard the change as a decided improvement, though much might be said in behalf of the best of the old annuals. But without pushing the comparison further, there can be no hesitation in pronouncing this to be one of the most elegant works of its class. As regards its literature, not only are the poems all given without abridgment, but several of them are of some length, and rank among the more important productions of their respective authors. Thus, we have the whole of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' Keats's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' and Bloomfield's 'Farmer's Boy,' besides such shorter pieces as Gray's 'Elegy,' Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' and Cowper's 'John Gilpin,' thereby affording the fullest scope for the various powers of the several designers. These designs are, of course, what give the book its special value. And they are in their way very beautiful. The illustrations of

'L'Allegro,' and the 'Deserted Village,' are by the members of the 'Etching Club,' and, as well as some of the others, have appeared before. These need no commendation; but, on the whole, admirable as are the productions of the Club, the illustrations to the 'Farmer's Boy,' by Messrs. Birkett, Foster, Weir, and Hicks, are almost more to our fancy. The designs of Mr. Foster especially are very charming—varied, as the hours and the seasons themselves, true as the poem to rural life and scenery, and marking with the feeling of a poet, as well as the eye of a painter, the sentiment of sunrise and storm, of moonlight and summer evening's gloom. His designs to some of the shorter poems are also excellent. Very beautiful, too, are some of Creswick's little sketches. And, though to our thinking the landscapes carry away the palm, there are some capital figure-pieces, grave and gay, poetical and mystical, by Cope and Horsley, Webster and Redgrave, Warren, Wehnert, Stonhouse, Townsend, Fred. Tayler, and George Thomas. The engraving throughout is of a very superior order. The printer and publisher have likewise done their parts well. The woodcuts are admirably printed, and the deep cream-coloured paper shows them and the good old-fashioned type to perfection. Altogether, a handsomer or a worthier gift-book, whether for Christmas or the New Year, a birth-day or the bridal-day, could hardly be desired, and would certainly not be easily found.

Poems of William Wordsworth. Selected and Edited by Robert Aris Willmott, Incumbent of Bearwood, Illustrated. (Routledge & Co.)

THE principal poems of Wordsworth are here charmingly reproduced. Mr. Willmott has executed the editorial part of the labour with genuine affection; while Birkett Foster, Wolf, Gilbert, and Dalziel, have severally contributed the magic of their arts to render the edition in every way worthy the undying fame of the poet. We cannot conceive a more acceptable book for the boudoir, or a more genial offering by those who wish to be remembered by their friends at the approaching close of the year.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The first of the additional revivals with which Mr. Charles Kean intends to illustrate his farewell season was produced last Monday. Although *King John* is not strictly a novelty in the list of Shakspearean revivals which have thrown such a glory over the present managements of the Princess's, having been played some six years since; it was not at that time the object of that sedulous attention to antiquarian detail and that highly-wrought art of stage management which have been bestowed on this play as now produced. The impressive effect which these dramatic chronicles, in which history is rather symbolised than narrated derive, apart from their intrinsic value as poems, from such a succession of appropriate pictures as are evoked by the skill and research of Mr. Kean, is not to be conceived. Each mail-clad figure complete in all its historical and individual characteristics becomes a separate object of interest, and when disposed in still or animated groups, as the scene requires, mingled with all accessory paraphernalia, a great historical cartoon of elaborate design fills the stage. Such is the gathering of the English and French armies with their royal leaders before the walls of Angiers, and the great scene in the French king's tent, where King John gives audience to the Pope's legate and delivers the famous anti-papal tirade. The succession of parleys broken off by a sudden resumption of hostilities which mark the struggle between the two kings, is rendered unusually exciting by the spirited demeanour and action of the assembled warriors, who rush on and off the stage with flourishing weapons and every variety of fierce and menacing gesture. The abundance of the picturesque element, however, does not, as indeed it might very satisfactorily, supply any deficiency in the manner in which the play

is acted, the principal character being as adequately filled as may be under existing circumstances. Mrs. Kean's *Lady Constance* must stand foremost in the list, as exhibiting womanly sorrow, rising to a higher and higher degree of intensity until it reaches actual frenzy, with marvellously true and delicately marked distinctness of emotion, and without once transgressing the bounds of queenly dignity. There is little scope for acting in the character of *King John*, the great scene in which he darkly hints his wishes to *Hubert* being the only instance in which there is any demand for high histrionic qualifications. The concentrated malignity of the glance he fixes on *Arthur* from beneath a brow solemnly knit with the intensity of his gloomy purpose, imparts a chilling horror to the half-utterances whispered to *Hubert*, and the deep sepulchral tone with which the last word "Remember" is pronounced, terminated the scene with an impression of intense awe. Mr. Ryder's *Hubert* is one of the most thoroughly complete and satisfying performances the stage has to boast of; and a more artless, engaging, and heart-softening little prince than Miss Terry—whose tutoring has fallen on such good soil that no trace of it is perceptible—need not be desired. Mr. Walter Lacy is a very fair *Faulconbridge*, with sufficient gallantry of bearing and outspeaking bluntness of tone, but deficient in the quaint rustic humour, which is an essential characteristic of this most real of Shakespearian creations.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.—Another theatrical event of the week has been the re-opening of the favourite "equestrian" theatre on the other side of Westminster bridge. The house has been cleansed, and redecorated, and the director has considerably reduced the prices of admission, all three steps being worthy of applause. An effective drama with horses, combats, and situations, has been furnished from the Scott treasure-house, and founded on *Old Mortality*, and *Balfour of Burley* is very adequately represented by Mr. Holloway. The chief attraction here will be found, however, in the scenes of the circle. They are more varied, and more brilliant than during any season within our recollection, and Mr. Cooke's family, and especially his very clever daughter, ably sustain the honours of his name.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Handy-Book of Musical Art; with some Practical Hints to Students. By the Hon. and Rev. T. C. Skeffington. M.A. (James Blackwood, Paternoster Row.) "It is matter of regret," observes the author of the above little work, "that there is no text-book for students in the noble science of Music; still more is it to be regretted that the great theorists should be so divided in their dogmatic teaching, and oftentimes, indeed, so mystical and obscure as to leave the student inspired with doubt instead of faith. Whatever be the cause, it cannot fail to have been remarked that great theorists have never been great writers. Hence it comes that book-theory is really so unserviceable a teacher of the practical science of Music, and that one month's sound instruction in Harmony, at the hand of the master, will do more than a whole year's application to abstract book-study."

Music can no more be acquired without an instrument than painting without a brush. All the books ever written may be laboriously perused, chapter by chapter, to no purpose; for without the constant application of rules the reading will be so much time lost. What is the use of knowing that a discord can be resolved in so many ways, if the ear and the mind are not perfectly familiar with the absolute nature of chords and their relations to each other? In reading music the eye is useless, except as minister to the ear, and the only way to initiate the ear into the mysteries of sound—by which is intended its harmonious and melodious conditions—is to learn to play upon a musical instrument. The great theorists address themselves to educated musicians, not to mere beginners; and on this point we are at issue with Mr. Skeffington. The "book-theory," condemned

as unserviceable, was never meant for any such purpose as that for which he complains of its being unfit. To place Gottfried Weber or Dr. Marx in the hands of a tyro would be mockery. A primer is what is required, and of primers (here again we must differ from the Hon. and Rev. gentleman), there are enough and to spare. On the other hand, our Art-literature is sadly deficient in works like that which Mr. Skeffington has compiled for his daughter, to whom it is dedicated, and to whom, if she be intelligent—if she take after her parent—it is likely to prove of the utmost utility. Of course, it is presumed that Miss Alice is in some degree a mistress of the pianoforte, in the absence of which theory must be a dead letter, and a real knowledge of harmony unattainable. To no study is practical illustration more indispensable.

The "Handy-Book" is a pleasant, unaffected *causerie* about the musical art, beginning from the beginning, and comprehending reflections on the nature and office of music, its history, its theory, and its practice, besides observations on the styles of various masters, on composition, and finally on the present state of the art. It is divided into eight chapters, the longest and most important of which—those on theory and those on the art of delivering musical sounds—are subdivided into sections, according to the number of topics they embrace. A brief extract from the preface will explain the aim of the author better than a column of analysis:—

"The Author's intention is not at all to give another instruction-book to the world, but, as it were, a lift to inquiry; to suggest points of practical importance; to give a broad, and he hopes a correct, view of the art generally; and lastly, to interest the young student in the acquirement of musical knowledge."

All this is accomplished, and in such a manner as to render it more or less attractive in every page. Mr. Skeffington writes as he feels, with clearness and simplicity. In his first chapter, "The Nature and Office of Music," he has some admirable remarks on a subject not sufficiently considered even by the most fertile writers—we mean the difference between music that is suggestive, and music which pretends to be imitative. Take the following as an example:—

"Music, in short, in its highest flights, soars far above all earthly images and things,—it is wholly form and expression, and is dependent on no subject-matter for its creation. In this respect it far excels its sister arts of poetry, or painting, or sculpture; it lies wholly in the fancy and imagination of the tone-poet who has some story to tell, but what that story is the composer would not dare to reduce to language. In sacred music the imagination is charged with ideas of devotion, solemnity, grandeur, and holy yearnings. In secular music some heroic or pathetic subject suggests certain melodic phrases, which after all, when noted down, are unable to convey any adequate notion of the subject which called them into being."

"So far music is apart and distinct from all subject-matter; if, for instance, a musician, fired with any attractive theme, should compose a piece of music upon Anacreon, or Prometheus, or the Naiades, or great Jupiter himself, or on any of the heroes of antiquity, or on any of Shakespeare's characters, *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Coriolanus*, or the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; or should any heroic, or pathetic, or pastoral subject excite his imagination; or should the idea of the slumbering ocean, with a calm and prosperous voyage, or the same mighty monster lashed into fury amidst the sounding rocks and caverns, call forth his inspiration, who that hears the sounds which are intended to depict these various things shall say, that they convey to us any true idea of the original subject on which they are founded; or if the imitation be more close and graphic, such as of a storm, or of a cascade, or of a tempest, or, still worse, of the din of a battle-field,—who will not exclaim against such low imitations, and say that such things have not been truly represented?"

"But music has been written on all these subjects named; and I question, if you were not told it, whether you would guess the subject-matter of the sounds which your ear was receiving,—still, music is highly suggestive in subjects that are familiar to us. Take, for instance, the *Pastoral Symphony* by Beethoven, and you will recognise as the subject of one movement a rustic song of most rude construction. No doubt you will say, I have heard a plodding ploughman troll out such a ditty; but hear it as Beethoven has rendered it, refined and dignified by all the contrivances of art, and you will say, the idea of the rustic disappears before such inspiration as this; the music now leads my mind to pastoral scenes, and suggests images of fertile valleys, woods, mountains, murmuring streams, everything pleasant to the pent-up and toiling spirit, above what I ever conceived before. Here, then, the supremacy and the power of musical art stands displayed; it takes for its basis some sensible object, or subject, if you will, but it immediately soars aloft, and clothes that subject with fresh beauties, and gives it a life and an existence it never had before."

"Music cannot, then, descend too closely to mundane

things without injury to herself; her province is not to imitate sensible objects only, but to suggest thoughts and feelings far above what language has the power of doing. If this be true, we must expect high things in a science so far removed from earthly things, and so exquisitely fine and sensitive in its nature; and therefore it is very important that the student should know, on starting, what kind of music that is which is worth hearing and cultivating, and if possible walk in the track pointed out."

In Chapter II., "The History of Musical Art," we are justly reminded of the modern diatonic scale "being the foundation of all true music," and of the very recent invention of concerted music for instruments, authenticated by the fact that Haydn, who lived till 1809, "is acknowledged to be the father of the symphony." Why, in his enumeration of the great masters to whom Germany has given birth, Mr. Skeffington should omit two in very many respects the greatest of all—Bach and Handel, the giant of counterpoint and the giant of the choir—we are at a loss to explain.*

"The history of musical art," he observes, "is not very fertile or very interesting." Were we inclined (which we are not) to indorse this opinion, we should still question the ability of Mr. Skeffington, or even of Tacitus himself, to give a summary of it in less than one hundred lines. However the "history" of our author is at best a skeleton, and in no respect the most edifying portion of the "Handbook."

Chapter III., "Development of the Appliances of Musical Art," treats of instruments, and the improvements they have lately undergone; contains an apostrophe to the flute, a compliment to three well known flute-makers of the present day, and, for general purposes, is nearly as futile and meagre as the "history." Chapter IV., "The Theory of Music," discusses the region of sound—scales, keys, discords, harmonies, modulation, and the law of intervals—ably and consistently, it is true, but rather in the manner of a lecturer than of a *bona fide* teacher—thus corroborating the announcement contained in the preface, that "the author's intention is not at all to give another instruction-book to the world, but to give, as it were"—something else. In speaking of the minor mode, Mr. Skeffington has the following:

"The minor mode is too often associated with the idea of melancholy and sadness; it is a mistake to suppose that plaintive feelings can alone find their true expression in the minor key. This is always the resort for such purposes of composers of very limited fancy. Some of our national melodies of the most jovial character are written in minor keys, whereas some of the most plaintive lie in the major mode. C. M. Weber in *Der Freyschütz* could find no truer expression of reckless jollity for *Caspar's* drinking song, than to pitch it in the mournful key of B minor; and Mendelssohn of our own day revelled in minor keys, in which you will find some of his most brilliant and sparkling fancies expressed. If then, from what I have said, you will free your mind from the old dull routine of regarding the minor scale as composed of certain fixed intervals ascending, and certain fixed intervals descending, but consider it rather as an agent of most flexible and powerful account in musical expression, you will have gained an insight into heart, which study and reflection will doubtless turn to a practical and useful end."

Now, although "melancholy and sadness" are more frequently conveyed in music, even by the greatest composers, in the minor than in the major mode (for self-evident reasons) no one ever made such a mistake as "to suppose that plaintive feelings, can alone find their true expression in the former. How many national dances (such as the *taranella*, &c.) are in the minor key?—how many comic songs of every country? Nor are the examples cited from Weber and Mendelssohn altogether conclusive. *Caspar* is under the influence of fate—has pledged himself under certain conditions to the Evil One, and is anxiously seeking for a "deputy." Nothing like "reckless jollity" was contemplated in the bacchanalian from *Der Freyschütz*. "Reckless despair" was uppermost in the mind of the composer, who had the true dramatic instinct. *Caspar's* "jollity"—if jollity it can be termed by any stretch of courtesy—is all feigned, ill-feigned; and this is finely shadowed forth in the music. On the other hand, Mendelssohn used the major or minor modes just

* Elsewhere justice is rendered to Handel; but the Leipzig Patriarch, the profoundest of musicians, is only once or twice cursorily mentioned. Such a man should have been assigned a place apart.

as his fancy might suggest at the moment of writing. Some of his most wonderful *scherzi* are in the major, witness the *scherzo* in the quartet in E, Op. 44, and the last movements of his three concertos,* which are inseparable from the *scherzo* family. It is true, nevertheless, that Mendelssohn wrote most of his *scherzi* in the minor, just as Beethoven wrote the majority of his in the major.

The remarks on keys, discords, harmonic sounds, modulation, and intervals are generally excellent. We have one objection to make, however. Alluding to "consecutive fourths," Mr. Skeffington accounts for their being objectionable, as beneath:

"The 4th is but the 5th inverted, and though free by this inversion from the same evil effect as the 5th, still, virtually, a similar effect, and in some respects a greater evil, is produced."

The interval of the 4th is *not* the 5th inverted. The 4th is the 4th, and nothing else. Take C for the bass; the 4th will be F and the 5th G. How, then, can the 4th be properly called the 5th inverted? If F is inverted, it becomes the bass to C, and C instead of F will be the 5th. What our author means, no doubt, is, that if you invert a chord of the 4th by transposing the highest note an octave lower, or the lowest note an octave higher, it becomes a chord of the 5th. Doubtless. But *quid tam postea?*

Chapter V., "Sacred Music," includes some observations on the oratorio, which, beginning from the words, "I am not sure, however," are well worth attention. The italics are our own.

"Here, then, we find the noblest devices of the art exercised for the purposes of effect. All the contrivances of strict fugue and counterpoint in its severest form unite to throw a grave and solemn character over the composition, while the varied nature of the solo and concerted pieces tends to give a colouring and an interest to the subject-matter. The name is traceable as far back as the sixteenth century to the Oratorio of St. Philip Neri, which order is still in existence. The priests of the oratory became famous for their sacred musical performances; the attraction gained its end. Sacred subjects were partially dramatised, and the Oratorio became one of the established forms of musical composition. The master-pieces of the great Handel belong to this class of music, and the fact of their having been written and produced in this country should be sufficient to account for the high esteem in which the Oratorio is held amongst us. I am not sure, however, that we are not at present driving this taste to an extreme—I do not mean in the use of such creations of art as those of Handel, and of others who so nearly approached him, such as Spohr and Mendelssohn, but I do mean as regards the disposition shown by many young writers to turn all their labours into this channel. Even now you will hardly find any story or subject in sacred writ but what has been thus duly dramatised, and the consequence is plain, that most or nearly all survive but for the hour, and are then forgotten. Trite forms and well-worn phrases are hardly the proper subjects for sacred illustration: there is a suggestive and a poetic power necessary for high art, which few have ever attained to—more than this, a large amount of scholarship is required, not only in the strict forms of composition, but in the knowledge of the old church modes, and the extremely difficult art of applying them to modern forms. As it is, we have in the writings of the German school, of such men as Graun, Colonna, Sebastian Bach, and Handel, more than sufficient for the study of a lifetime; and we may rest satisfied that a true and patient study of what these gifted men have bequeathed to musical art will do far more to advance our own proficiency than any feeble handling of forms that we have imperfectly studied, and of ideas that we are yet uncertain how to reduce to the strict rules of musical art."

Without caring greatly for Graun, or at all for Colonna (of whom, we suspect, Mr. Skeffington knows about as much as the elder Caxton, in Sir Lytton Bulwer's novel, or Sir Lytton himself, of "Cardanus"), we cannot deny that the present rage for composing oratorios is alarming. To produce a good oratorio is to accomplish the highest task at which a musician, gifted with genius and the most extensive acquirements, can possibly aim. Yet, to see how oratorios have been absolutely given to the world (not merely written as exercises for improvement) of recent years, one would imagine that to compose them was the easiest thing imaginable. For this in a great measure the critics have to answer. Every new work is now a *chef d'œuvre*, be it a *Guillaume Tell*, or a *Rose of Castile*, an *Elijah*, or a *Judith*; and everybody is a great musician, from one end of the harmonic ladder to the other. This is a

pity, and the sequel may bring about such a confusion of ideas on matters of art, that the public will be at a loss to discriminate between the merits of Rossini and Flotow, of Mendelssohn and Mr. Horsley.

Passing over some capital remarks on various branches of musical execution, vocal and instrumental, we come to that section of Chapter VI. which treats of the "Cultivation of Style," and which is in every sense admirable. Did space allow we should quote it entire, but, under the circumstances, must be content with a fragment:

"The definition of style in art I have never yet heard given: it appears to be something akin to genius; that is, it lies in the conception of the artist. And yet style is capable of being taught. How? By imitation, and by the cultivation and development of what we hear. Yet though we cannot with accuracy define good style in music, still we can state, in round terms, those particulars in which bad style consists, and by avoiding which, we shall necessarily acquire that which is good. If, for example, you hear a player or singer betray a flippancy in the delivery of passages, in clipping notes, forcing tone, neglecting the marks of accentuation, phrasing, and expression, in making free with the time, in using a false and an affected manner, in drawing out the cadences, and introducing notes or flourishes that are not written down, you will say at once the style here exhibited is bad, and you will of course, endeavour to avoid it. Style in music is gained, not so much by tuition or intuition, as by hearing and copying the method of good players. A celebrated artist being once asked who was the best singing master, replied, 'Go and hear De Beriot's fiddling, and copy him.' Once style, good or bad, is formed, it will be very difficult indeed to shake or alter it. You cannot, therefore, hear too much good music, or indeed too much bad; imitate the excellences of the one, and avoid the defects of the other. A good authority has advised the daily study of J. S. Bach's *Clavier-bien-tempré* (48 preludes and fugues) as the best class-work to make you a thorough musician, and to form your musical taste. All classical music, indeed, of which there is much that we hear but seldom, should be the object of your daily study: the more time you spend with the great masters of the art, the less you will come to think of the light modern trashy romantic school, in which the resources and the power of harmony are sacrificed for a few showy light-fingered passages, in which the mechanical strength of the art is alone developed. It is worthy of consideration by all students, whether the years of practice they have to go through in order to gain the ordinary amount of skill in manipulation, are fit to be sacrificed in after life, as too commonly we find them, by devotion to that light empty music which forms the common recreation of our *salons*, but which is unworthy the pursuit of any conscientious artist: music, whose greatest charm and best office lies, as I myself have heard it expressed, in *promoting conversation*."

"The habit of sight-playing, once acquired, will produce a store of unfeeling variety, amusement, and instruction, both for yourself and others, while, by the same means, your acquaintance with the best writers will become general, and your judgment and knowledge of music both sound and enlarged."

About hearing bad music as often as possible we have our doubts; but about the classical masters, and, beyond all, John Sebastian Bach, there can be but one opinion; and the increasing admiration among the general public for the works of this truly great man ought, we think, to encourage a brighter prospect of our musical future than that which, to judge from his general recapitulation, and from one or two passages in his preface, appears to be entertained by Mr. Skeffington. We must not think that the art of music is on the decline because Mendelssohn, the last of the "demigods," is dead, and Rossini, the greatest living genius, writes no more. We have no Handels, Haydns, Mozarts, or Beethovens, it is true, any more than we have Shakspeares, Miltons, or Popes; but we have one thousand appreciators for one that existed during the lifetime of those mighty men. Moreover, Mr. Skeffington himself does not, to use his own words, "lay much stress on the death of musicians at the present time, for," says he, both poetically and truthfully, "the apostles of art are always to be found in groups and in company." We have periods of great musicians, just as we have periods of great poets and great painters. Who shall say that the last of these periods has been seen?

The Chevalier de Negrelli, who is known to the British public as the opponent of Mr. Stephenson in the Suez Canal question, recently died at Vienna.

The Great Bell belonging to the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament has been safely raised into its permanent position; and in the course of a few days the new Clock will be in regular operation.

THE COMET (DONATTS).

It appears from No. 1161 of the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, that Dr. Bruhns has computed an elliptical orbit for this famous comet. The following are the elements assigned by him:—

T	= 1858, Sept. 29 99050 Berlin M.T.
π	= 36 13 3.4 Mean Equinox,
Ω	= 165 19 24.2 } 1858.0.
i	= 63 1 42.0
q	= 85 11 14.56
μ	= 1.68834
log a	= 2.215032
g	= 9.683269

Motion retrograde.
Period 2101 63 years.

From these elements Dr. Bruhns has calculated an ephemeris of the comet extending from Sept. 29 to Oct. 27. The following are the places from Oct. 12:—

	R.A.	Decl.	Log Δ .	Log r .
Oct. 12	232 34.2	0 26.0		
13	235 23.9	5 54.9	9.7383	9.8112
14	238 7.1	9 14.4		
15	240 43.5	12 24.7	9.7592	9.8240
16	243 12.8	15 23.7		
17	245 35.0	18 11.4	9.7853	9.8394
18	247 49.7	20 47.0		
19	249 57.3	23 10.5	9.8150	9.8544
20	251 58.2	25 21.7		
21	253 52.8	27 21.8	9.8471	9.8688
22	255 41.0	29 11.6		
23	257 23.4	30 51.8	9.8706	9.8854
24	259 0.4	32 32.3		
25	260 32.2	33 47.0	9.9115	9.9009
26	261 59.2	35 3.6		
27	263 21.9	36 14.4	9.9424	9.9164

R. G.

Royal Astronomical Society, Somerset House, Oct. 9, 1858.

MISCELLANEA.

The *Courrier de Bayonne* states that the highest points of the Pyrenees are now covered with snow.

The village of Daramona, in the county of Westmeath, is now regularly lighted by gas made from a neighbouring bog of peat.

A new census of the inhabitants of the states of the Zollverein is to take place this year, commencing with Saxony on the 3rd of December.

M. Rouland, the French Minister of Instruction, has ordered the publication on a grand scale, of two national works—one is a "Carte des Gaules," the other a "Dictionnaire Géographique." The map will form a sort of topographical history of France from the conquest of Julius Caesar to the end of the Roman dominion. The dictionary will form a complete history of the eighty-six departments of France, from the earliest times, and will contain ample details in archaeology, topography, and statistics.

Rome is renowned for the abundance and salubrity of its waters, although only three of the fourteen aqueducts required for the luxurious *thermae* and fountains of the ancients are at present in use for the requirements of their descendants. It is now under contemplation to add to the already abundant store by the restoration of the Marcian aqueduct, which, according to Frontinus, derived its source from a spot on the Esquiline hills, near the Via Valeria, 33 miles from Rome. This water was considered by the ancient Romans the best that came into the capital, and was especially reserved for drinking. Ruins of the aqueduct still exist over the Porta Maggiore, and near the church of Santa Bibbiana, as well as in several parts of the Campagna. The architect Moraldi having petitioned for permission to restore these salutary waters, which now fall into the Anio, to public use in Rome, the Pope has authorised him to commence the necessary surveys.

The Hon. Charles Murray, Her Majesty's Minister in Persia, sent home an account of a highly interesting journey through the Elboorz Chain, and of the ascent of the lofty volcanic mountain of Demavend, by Mr. R. F. Thomson and Lord Schomberg Kerr, both attached to the Persian mission. These documents, which have been transmitted by the Earl of Malmesbury to

* The two pianoforte concertos, as well as the violin concerto, both begin in the minor key, and end in the major.

Sir Roderick Murchison, to be presented to the Royal Geographical Society, will be read before that body at its first meeting in November. In the meantime it may be stated that, having succeeded in reaching the summit of Demavend with instruments, the adventurous diplomatists have determined its height to be 21,500 feet, and have thus deprived Mount Ararat of the reputation so long enjoyed of being the highest point in Central Asia.

Mr. Panizzi has been enabled, during his stay in Italy, to make arrangements with the head of the Tuscan archives, the Chevalier Bonaini, for obtaining complete copies of the correspondence of Francesco Terresio, Tuscan envoy at the courts of Charles II. and James II. The importance of doing so was brought before the public by Mr. Montgomery Stuart, in his first lecture at St. Martin's Hall, "On the Influence of Italian on English Literature;" indeed, the same gentleman had previously brought it before Lord John Russell and the trustees of the British Museum. This is the third collection of diplomatic illustrations of English history, from the public and private archives of Italy, which Mr. Montgomery Stuart has been enabled to secure for this country. He had previously obtained all the manuscript correspondence of Cardinals Filippo and Luigi Gualterio; the former, papal nuncio in Paris from 1700 to 1716, and for twenty years the confidant both of the French court and the exiled Stuart family; and he subsequently secured copies of the entire official correspondence of Jacopo Gualdi, Tuscan envoy at the English court during the reign of William and Anne.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Great preparations are being made to give fitting *éclat* to the forthcoming Show of Canaries and other choice British and Foreign Birds in November. The Directors of the Crystal Palace are resolved, that the lovers of natural history, and the keepers of birds in cages, shall have an unexampled treat. This has induced them to throw open the Show to unlimited competition, which will, of necessity, bring together not only an immense number and a vast variety of beautiful living specimens, but will gratify a taste for natural pursuits, which, we rejoice to see, is greatly on the increase. No exhibition on so grand a scale has ever before been attempted. The public will be pleased to hear, that the tropical department of the Crystal Palace has been set aside for the purpose. Here the birds, and other tame animals, will be brought under one view, and Mr. William Kidd, whose services have been secured for the occasion, will daily deliver an interesting and familiar lecture on the Philosophy of Bird-keeping, Bird-breeding, Bird-taming, &c.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE INNER AND MIDDLE TEMPLE.—These autumnal flowers, so much in favour in these city gardens, and grown with such success by Mr. Broome, are looked upon as one of the annual sights of London. The gardens are daily visited by hundreds, inquiring when the "show" will commence. About the first week in November the chrysanthemums will be in full perfection, and this season they bid fair to eclipse all other. The beds of pompoms in both gardens are splendid; Mr. Broome has specimen plants, grown in 8-inch pots, measuring four feet across, from one stem only, on which thousands of bloom already appear. The large varieties, in a bed 150 feet long and 6 wide, are also very promising for a display of monster blooms, such, perhaps, as has never been witnessed.

The Privy Councillor Chevalier Bunsen, formerly Prussian Envoy at the court of St. James, who since his recall has retired into private life and been residing quietly at Heidelberg, engaged in literary pursuits, has been summoned from his academic retreat into public life. At the direct invitation of the Prince Regent he is to repair immediately to Berlin to take his seat as member of the Upper House. Since his retirement from the diplomatic career the Chevalier has been ennobled, and now writes himself Von Bunsen.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dictionaries.—Sir,—On the bookstall of a railway station, my attention was attracted by a neat little volume, price one shilling, entitled Webster's Pocket Dictionary, containing *Ten Thousand* more words than "Walker," I purchased two copies, supposing that every word in the English language, found or not found in previous authors would not be lacking in Webster. Having occasion to look for the word "Indomitable," it was not to be discovered. I then referred to Johnson, edition 1790: the word was not there; and on consulting Walker, 1830, it was not there. Is the word English? If so, have lexicographers copied Johnson, or have the printers omitted the word? Yours respectfully, ESQUIRE.

The newly-discovered Pope MS.—Sir, I read in the *Evening Courier*, and with no small satisfaction, a reference to the Pope MS. mentioned by your correspondent "a Curate" in your last publication but one. [L. G. p. 476.] I fully concur with him in hoping that when the grand edition is complete (it will be six guineas, I believe, not eight) we of light purses may be favoured with an edition within our reach. The *Courier* is known to be under the direction of a gentleman who has himself edited Pope, and has written a charming life of the poet [reviewed in *Literary Gazette*, No. 2, N.S.], and his information on the subject will doubtless have been derived from the most trustworthy source. I see that a specimen of the novelties is given in the form of a couplet of Pope's hitherto unprinted. Speaking of mankind, in the "Essay on the Use of Riches," Pope describes the world as—

"One half employed to hoard the glittering evil,
The other half to send it to the devil."

I hope to have the gratification, ere long, of reading more of the newly-discovered epigrams, and I send you this merely because the *Courier's* note may not have met your eye, and it is something to introduce a new couplet of Pope to the world. Yours very truly,—W. FRANCIS JAMES.

The Custom of Garratt.—What is the origin of a custom, long in vogue at this insignificant little village, of electing a mock Lord Mayor. Foote has founded a farce upon this custom: is it known whether he ridiculed any public characters in that farce? Mr. Monson in his "Guide to the London and South Western Railway," mentions the practice, and I opine that it is now discontinued. The village lies between Wandsworth and Tooting, and there is a small public-house named after one of the heroes of the farce.—R. G. C.

Inverted Commas.—At school I was taught that inverted commas denoted a quotation. Judging from the multitude of inverted commas which stare you in the face at the present day, one would imagine that originality was drowned in a flood of quotations. On examining the matter more closely, however, you will discover that these quotations are not of high importance. The "Times," "Globe," "House of Commons," "Hamlet," "Pre-Raphaelite," "art," and "humbug" are scribbled, cabin'd, and confined between these detestable typographical hooks. So of a thousand other commonplace words. Can any one tell me the reason? If so, I shall be obliged by a speedy reply, as I am preparing a new edition of Lindley Murray.—N. SYLVESTER.

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